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A HOME WEEKLY

FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 261.

"TANGLED THREADS."

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

Wool and warp, and thread and thim,
A tangled web to the eye of sense,
Here in the loom of life begun,
And not complete, till we hasten hence.
Unseen hands thus the shuttle throw,
Filling the life-webs fold by fold,
Threads of pathos and threads of joy,
Woven with strands of the purest gold.
Silver tissue and golden sheen,
Cloth of serge or of sackcloth gray,
Joy's long past, with the "might have been,"
Blend with the web of life to-day.
Promised sheaf from the half-timed grain,
Promised flower from the bud half-blown,
Promised gift of a future gain,
All unfinished, are plainly shown.
Throughout all in a wondrous way,
Strong—yet like to gossamer—
Runs the thread of His devious way,
Tracing the pattern He has designed.
Never below is the fruitage full,
Never the gain that our eyes would meet,
Never perfected the flowers we will,
Never on earth is the work complete—
Till the time when cometh the Master, He
Takes the threads from our mortal hands,
And woven in fullness of harvest—
The web complete, shall forward stand.

The Dumb Page:

THE DOGE'S DAUGHTER.

BY FREDERICK WEBSTER.

AUTHOR OF "THE IRISH CAPTAIN," "THE RED
RAJAH," "THE ROCK HIDE," "THE
SEA CAT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV. THE PUBLIC INSULT.

It was high morning on the celebrated bridge of the Rialto, at Venice, the exchange of her merchants and bankers, the fashionable lounge of her gallants. They crowd of cavaliers, vying with each other in their silks, satins, velvets, jewels and fashions, all perfumed and long-haired, with slender rapier on side, was in constant motion. The gallants chattered to each other in their liquid Southern tongue, with the profusion of pantomime that distinguishes the Italians and discussed all the scandals of Venice even touching on politics, if they were sure no police spy was near.

Long-robed merchants conversed in sober groups close by; and these bankers, distinguished by their peculiar periwinkles, kept in their own little knots, jealously watching and watched by their Christian rivals in trade.

They could see the gaily by the arsenal close by, and the forest of masts on the lagoon that marked the power of the Queen of the Adriatic, in her prime.

Through the midst of the crowd, marching with the steady tramp of the trained mercenary, came a small body of Swiss halberdiers, on their way to relieve guard at the Dugano or custom-house, and after head were two officers. The one was a humor and on duty, but the other had doffed defensive weapons and was only accounted as a simple cavalier.

He nodded gaily to small acquaintances in the crowd, and left his small companions, with a whispered word to his brother officer, who passed on as before.

The officer in civil dress was Captain Bonetta.

"Aha! Bonetta," cried curled young fool, "thou art come to make excuses for taking away the countess so early, from the Foscari ball, last night, is't not?"

"For St. Mark?" cried another, "this Bonetta is like a dog in the manger with his countess. But a lucky dog, too, to win a widow of twenty-three, with a million of ducats for a dowry. Hey! Bonetta?"

The captain's handsome face clouded slightly.

"I beg you, gentlemen," he said, "to leave my lady's name out of the conversation. We Swiss have peculiar notions, which you will excuse. We left last night on a matter of private and family business."

"Aha! a wedding contract to be arranged, I'll lay my life," cried the curled cavalier, laughing. "Well, gentlemen, such matters are sacred to us of moral Venice, for marriage is truly a venerable institution. The only man I ever knew to scoff at it is that graceless Spaniard, Bellario."

"Ay, ay, where's Bellario this morning?" cried several voices.

"He left last night on important business," he said, "observed only head—that means, with him, an interior of course. He is such a lucky fellow, the Bellario. Other people may have just as many personal advantages"—here the youth addressed a dowry mustache—"but he has a devilish lot of experience."

"Don't despair, Count Lulli," said Bonetta, gravely. "From present appearances you'll be just as wicked as he is by the time you're thirty."

"Do you really think so?" inquired Lulli, smirking, and evidently flattered.

"I really do," said the captain, still more gravely; "and I am sorry for it, Lulli, for I think that Don Lorenzo Bellario is a bad model to follow."

"But he's so devilish handsome," he suggested another youth, admiringly; "and he fences so well. Not a man in Venice can touch him. All the women adore him."

"Most women are fools," said the captain, placidly. "I know one woman who does not



He came nearer the countess and sung with fervid passion the second verse.

run after him, and one man who does not fear to cross rapiers with him."

"We shall see if you will say that to his face," said Lulli, half angrily, for Don Lorenzo was the idol of the younger cavaliers. "Here he comes up the bridge."

Captain Bonetta turned his head and perceived the Spanish noble coming up the sidewalk toward their group. Several of the young cavaliers started toward Don Lorenzo, with loud greetings, returned by the other with his charming grace. The Swiss officer folded his arms, leaned back on the parapet of the bridge, and awaited the other's approach, with a proud smile on his own fair face, his blue eyes steadily fixed on the other.

Don Lorenzo was attired in a jerkin and short cloak and cap of yellow satin, stiff with gold, which set off his dark beauty marvelously. His flesh-colored silk hose displayed the volume of knotted muscle in his lower limbs to great advantage, and his step was as light as that of a deer. He was not looking at Bonetta, but scattering his wit among his crowd of admirers as if not conscious of the other's presence.

He advanced close to him, rattling away to the others at a great rate, and then halted, with his back deliberately turned to the captain.

A second party of Swiss halberdiers, the relieved guard at the arsenal, happened to be passing in the roadway below, on their way back to the barracks. Don Lorenzo turned to Count Lulli who stood next to him.

"Metinks," he said, in a distinct voice, "that you of Venice display great lack of judgment in allowing your bravos to roam the streets by daylight."

Lulli looked surprised.

"Why, Lorenzo," he said, "those are not bravos. They are the Swiss guards."

Don Lorenzo laughed musically.

"Why, so they are, Lulli," he exclaimed; "I crave ten million pardons for the mistake. Let me see. Your bravos are hired cut-throats—are they not? Yes, I remember. They will stab men in the dark for a price. The higher the man, the greater the price. How strange that I should have taken those fellows for bravos! Ah! I remember. It was the look of their faces. Those Swiss hogs all look alike."

Lulli turned pale.

"Be careful," he whispered, "there's a Swiss captain behind you now."

"Ah! a Swiss?" cried Don Lorenzo, turning round with his usual lazy grace, and surveying Bonetta from head to foot with indescribable insolence—"a Swiss, indeed! Well, Lulli, what of it? The gentleman is big enough to cut up into good pork."

The jesting cavaliers had become still as death at the rude words, which foreboded but one result in those days. They gazed with anxiety at the two men, who confronted each other; the Swiss taller by half a head than the other and larger, but lacking the compact, elastic grace of Don Lorenzo. Bonetta's proud smile was gone. His blue eyes looked fiercely from under bent brows at the Spaniard, as he said, slowly:

"Perhaps you would like to carve me, signor?"

Don Lorenzo laughed again, and looked at the other critically. Then he wrung his white hands daintily, and said, with affected horror: "Eh! gentlemen, but he would bleed like ten pigs."

A laugh went up at the captain's expense, which irritated him out of his composure so far that he laid his hand on his sword. Don Lorenzo seized the opportunity, for the other had violated the etiquette of duels in Venice. The

police were constantly on the Rialto, and motions of anger there attracted their attention.

"Lulli," he said, sneeringly, "your Swiss friend is signaling to the police. He has no fancy to be bled, I see."

Bonetta dropped his sword as if he had been stung, and turned scarlet. He started up from his leaning attitude, and said, sternly: "If you will follow me to the island of San Antonio, signor, you shall see whether I am to be bled so easily. Will you follow, or are you only a street braggart?"

"Why, let you now?" said Don Lorenzo, in his sweetest voice; "our fat friend has waxed warlike, even in daylight. He has concluded to try and back up his boasts. Certainly, my valiant captain, I will follow you to the ends of the earth, if such be necessary to cool your temper. Let us go, Lulli, and you, gentlemen, shall we make a little party of pleasure, to enjoy the fresh breezes of the Adriatic?"

And smiling as sweetly as ever, the audacious cavalier picked his way daintily across the street, surrounded by his friends, to where a quantity of large pleasure boats lay moored at the quay.

The island of San Antonio was a desolate sandbank, just outside of the city jurisdiction. It was the recognized dueling-ground of Venice, winked at by the police, who were quite satisfied as long as the city itself was quiet.

CHAPTER V. THE DUEL.

"WHERE to, signor?" asked one of the boatmen, as they swept the gaily-decorated boat out from the jetty into the open lagoon.

"Anywhere, anywhere, out over the dancing, sparkling sea," half sung Don Lorenzo, as he stood among his admirers, glittering and radiant. It was not the etiquette to mention their destination while it might be overheard from the shore.

The old boatman nodded and bent to his oars, in company with his mates, and away swept the boat, with its brilliant burden, including several boy pages, and Don Lorenzo's dumb servant, who bore her master's lute with her. As a mass of color the boat would have made a brilliant picture, if a few female figures had been there, but female tongues were to be avoided on such an expedition. Every one was chattering gayly, with one exception, and that was the Swiss captain.

His simple, earnest nature could not treat death so lightly as the mercurial Italians, and moreover he was very angry. The sneers and insolence of Don Lorenzo had raised him to white heat; the more so that he was of a quiet, phlegmatic nature generally, and the very soul of honor and pride. The Don had insulted name and nation, and lashed him to frenzy, feeling his own inferiority in wit and repartee.

He sat in the stern, silent and alone, wrapped in his short mantle, and brooding to himself, while his rival, serene in the midst of his admirers, laughed and jested as airily as if going to a ball.

So they swept on to the entrance of the lagoon, past the Dugano, and out into the sparkling waves of the Adriatic, where the boat's course was turned to the low, distant sandbank known as the island of San Antonio.

The boatmen rowed steadily and merrily. They knew that the San Antonio parties always paid double for hush-money. So they strained to their oars till the long boat sprung to the motion, and rapidly swept nearer to the land.

In a quarter of an hour they had rounded the place and run ashore on the side furthest

from the Dugano, hidden from sight by the low bank.

Don Lorenzo was the first man to leap ashore, which he did with an active spring that produced a round of applause from his admirers. The rest followed, and clustered around their hero, while the silent captain was left to get out unattended.

This was remarked by Don Lorenzo, who, for the first time since their meeting, exhibited courtesy toward his antagonist. He advanced to him and doffed his plumed cap in a low salute.

"Signor Captain," he said, "I regret extremely to observe that you are without a second of your friends. Had I noticed it before, I should have insisted on your being accompanied by a brother officer. As it is, I feel the great trust you have reposed in my honor, and it shall not be abused."

The Swiss captain raised his own hat with grave courtesy. This was meeting him on his own ground.

"I am content, Don Lorenzo," he said. "You are a bad man, but you are no coward, nor am I."

Bellario looked at him for a moment with a sort of indescribable look, as if he admired the gallant bearing of the other, and almost regretted that he was his enemy. The soft-hearted Swiss marked the look, and his own countenance cleared up.

"Is it too late?" he said, in a faltering voice. "Estella would be so glad if you would but repent."

The Spaniard's brow grew as black as night at the mention of that name. He drew back haughtily.

"Too late, signor," he said; "you should have thought of all this before last night. Are you ready?"

The captain bowed gravely.

"Now, gentlemen," said Bellario, "the man who stands as second for Captain Bonetta is my best friend. Count Lulli acts for me. Who will act for the captain?"

"I will," said several voices, and the matter was at last satisfactorily arranged.

Then the whole party entered a path in the sand-hills that led them to the scene of hundreds of duels before, a little circular valley, surrounded by banks of sand, which yet was kept firm and hard by the constant soaking of the sea-water that came up from beneath.

The providence of former professors of the amiable science of dueling had even provided several benches for the accommodation of spectators, and the combatants at once proceeded to strip to their work.

Each took off doublet and cloak, and stripped as far as his shirt, when the seconds examined for concealed weapons or armor. Both were entirely free from defense. Then their swords were measured and found almost of a length, the difference of a quarter of an inch being in favor of Don Lorenzo.

"It is all one," said the quiet voice of the captain; "my arm is the longest."

The seconds waved back the crowd, placed their men within twenty feet of each other, and then left them to themselves.

Each man was armed with a long three-cornered rapier, and carried a dagger in his left hand.

Captain Bonetta stood on his defense, his tall, manly form thrown into splendid relief as he poised his sword firmly, and stamped his foot twice to gain his ground.

Don Lorenzo gave a whistling cut with his rapier, as if to test its temper, and then advanced lightly to the assault, a gay smile on his lips, a fierce glitter in his dangerous eyes.

The Swiss came to meet him half-way, and the rapiers crossed with a clash.

After that Bonetta halted, the two fixed their eyes on each other with an eager, intense gaze, and the weapons slowly grated together. Don Lorenzo smiled mockingly, and at that smile the soldier lunged furiously at him, with an iron firmness of arm that it seemed no parry could turn.

But the Spaniard eluded the thrust like a shadow, with a single lithe movement of his supple body, and a spring to one side.

Before the captain could recover himself, Bellario attacked him, with the quickness of a flash. Bonetta managed to parry the thrust with a desperate effort, but the parry was clumsily made and a second rapid lunge pricked him in the arm, just sufficient to draw blood.

His own return was quick and strong, for Bonetta was a tough fighter who had been in many a battle. Again Don Lorenzo leaped back to avoid it, and this time the soldier was ready for him on the return, so that the rapiers clashed loudly.

But after a few ineffectual passes and parries, both of the duelists paused as if for breath, and the Spaniard saw that the blood was slowly dropping from his enemy's arm, just above the wrist.

He took advantage of the fact to irritate the other, for that was one of his tactics in dueling.

"My lady countess would be proud of her captain," he said, in a low, sneering tone, "could she see him bleed under my sword."

Bonetta frowned.

"First blood is not lost," he said, pithily.

Don Lorenzo laughed, sardonically.

"You Swiss are easily bled," he answered; "I have killed five already, and here goes for the sixth."

With the last word he became in turn the assailant, and developed such a tremendous strength and suppleness of wrist and body as fairly confounded Bonetta.

The bright point of the Spaniard's rapier kept playing in circles around his own, while Bellario shifted round and round, like a hawk waiting above his prey.

The slower and more downright fighter was confused with the other's marvelous rapidity, and content to stand on the defensive, as well as he could.

At last, spying an opening, he lunged out for the lower part of his adversary's breast, and the next moment felt the keen point of the Spaniard penetrating his shoulder, while a mocking laugh convinced him that he had fallen into a snare. His own point tore Bellario's shirt, and grazed his side.

The rush of blood crimsoned his sleeve in a moment, but only increased his anger. He made another great lunge at the Spaniard, and stumbled as the other leaped back to avoid it.

Thud! came the keen point on his right breast as he fell; and then it seemed as if a legion of fiends were tearing out his vitals, as the sharp blade pierced through the lungs even to the back; and, with an irrepressible groan, Captain Bonetta sunk on the sand, the blood rushing out in perfect streams from his two wounds.

His conqueror withdrew his sword carelessly, and smiled as he looked down at the pale face of the other, distorted with agony now. The smile was inexpressibly cruel and triumphant.

"Captain Bonetta," said Don Lorenzo, in a low voice, "this is only the beginning of my vengeance."

The wounded man lay looking up at him, with a strange, sad, reproachful look; but he uttered no word. The Spaniard showed his teeth again with fiendish significance.

"You are not dead yet, Bonetta," he observed, quietly; "I intend you to live, to witness the disgrace of your spotless countess. She took me from Julia Dandolo, so I suppose she wants me herself. I am quite satisfied. I can be happy with fifty, and the countess shall be queen, till I am tired of her. You know how long that will take. Then you can have her. And let me tell you, Swiss hog, that I shall make that woman suffer as never woman suffered before, while you lie helpless and invalidated."

And he spat upon the other with a gesture of profound disgust, and turned away to the silent, horrified row of gallants, who were shocked at the last action.

"You look surprised, gentlemen," he said. "Were this man a gentleman, I would not treat him thus. But only last night he was at the head of a band of cowardly masked ruffians, who seized me from behind in the dark and robbed me. Believed to be an officer, he is nothing but a hired bravo, and the Countess Milleroni has been grossly deceived in his character. You saw only the insult of to-day, not the assassin of last night, from whose comrades I barely escaped with life. Had I killed him now, he would but get his deserts."

The Swiss never answered a word. He slowly sunk back on the sand, and his eyes rolled up as he fainted. The Venetians looked at him in horror. There was, in the character of bravo, so artfully given to him by Bellario, something so loathsome and repulsive, that their pity was turned into disgust. The Spaniard availed himself of the feeling.

"He was too much honored by crossing swords with a gentleman," he said, scornfully. "He has sneaked into good society long enough, without his true character being told. Let him live if he can. You bear me witness that I treated him as an honorable foe, and overcame him fairly."

"Let us go," said Count Lulli, gravely. "The man's dead now, and better men have been left at San Antonio before this."

Don Lorenzo agreed, with his usual charming smile, and donned his clothes with perfect calmness.

As he went out, he shook his hand at the body of the Swiss, and muttered through his clenched teeth:

"Now for the other."

The seagulls went circling and screaming over the white-capped waves that kissed the shore of the island of San Antonio, and hovered over a place in the center of the islet, hidden from view by the sand-banks.

There lay the senseless body of poor Antonio Bonetta, just breathing, the blood curdled dry on his wounds. A fisherman, hovering near, noted the sea-birds, and snuffed a prize afar off. Dead men were often left, clothes and all, on that island, and jewels were often on their dress. So the fisherman landed, and proceeded to the well-known dueling-ground, where he found the captain, surrounded by seagulls, who were already hopping or wading round, ready to attack his eyes in a moment more.

At the sight of a living man they flapped heavily off, and the fisherman grumblingly picked up the blue and red jerkin and cloak of the unfortunate duelist.

"Only one of those soldiers," he said, "and they never have the wherewithal to buy a mass for their souls. 'Mas, thou hast bad luck all the time.'"

He rummaged in the purse, and found several ducats, which restored his spirits somewhat. Then he approached the body itself, and was startled to behold on the little finger of the left hand a diamond of great size. Delightfully he went on his knees to pull it off, when the supposed corpse opened its eyes, and said, in a low tone:

"Water, for Christ's love!"

The fisherman was good-hearted fellow, and the corpse was too undeniably alive to be easily disposed of. He ran off to his boat and brought back a flagon of cheap wine, which he poured down the other's throat. The cool evening air had stopped the bleeding, and the wine revived Bonetta quite enough to enable him to rise and stagger faintly to the boat, with the sturdy fisherman's arm round him. The captain was a tough old soldier, and took a good deal of killing.

"Get me to Venice, to the Swiss barracks," he said, weakly, to the fisherman, as the latter laid him down in the stern sheets, "and thou shalt have all my money."

The sturdy fisherman bent to his oars, and they were soon going back across the lagoon, now golden with the last rays of the setting sun. Bonetta had fallen into a stupor, half faint, half sleep, when he was aroused by the sound of a gay chorus. He looked up, and they were close to Venice, and a very large barge, crowded with brilliant ladies and cavaliers, was passing within a few yards. The Swiss raised his eyes, flinny with pain, and beheld the Countess Milleroni conspicuous among a group, who were listening to his foe of the morning, Don Lorenzo Bellario, gay and debonaire, handsomer than ever, as he sung to a lute the gay

BARCAROLE:
"Over the dancing waters our gallant vessel dashes
so free along;
Beautiful maidens beside us flash bright eyes
over the sea;
Gayly the white sails swelling, the ruffling breezes
roamingly flee along;
Carol our merry barcarole, the song of the rovers
free."

Bonetta gave a low groan, as he heard the countess' sweet voice rise in the answering strain:

"The white foam glitters merrily, billows are laughing
and flitting;
And fluttering sea-birds are skimming and dipping
all over the sparkling, sparkling sea."

And the whole boat-load joined in the rolling chorus, that so cruelly mocked the wounded man:

"All over the sparkling, sparkling sea!
Music and love are roaming free!
Who would not flee
Away like we, we, we, roving free?
Over the dancing, leaping, endless sweeping,
never-resting sea,
Over the brightly-dashing, joyfully-dashing, sparkling,
ever-changing sea."

The gay chorus floated away from the forlorn, wounded man, and the brilliant company seemed to be quite blind to his presence. They saw the humble fishing-boat, and a man lying in the stern. That was all.

Not so Don Lorenzo.

His keen eye caught sight of the blue and red cloak of the other, and he glowed with triumph, as he came nearer to the countess, and sang with fervid passion, the second verse, emphasizing the sweeter passages for his poor rival's benefit.

"The Goddess of Love from the sea came, sprung
from the white foam glittering cheerily;
Sing to her, lovers and maidens, as over the sea
we rove.
We'll sing to the darlings we love so, skimming
the wave-crests, sparkling merrily,
Breezes are fair about us, and the sea is the
place for love."

Ah, what a groan came from the captain, when the countess again responded:

"Flutter the gallant streamers, sea-birds skim over
the wave,
Lovers and music are coming amongst you, all
over the sparkling billows so brave."

And the poor Swiss burst into tears of utter weakness and desolation, as the barge floated away, with the last sweet chorus dying on the distance:

"All over the sparkling, sparkling sea!
Music and love are roaming free."
"And there is a God in heaven," murmured the poor soldier, as he lay back and wished for death, for did not his mistress seem to be faithful.

And the gay pleasure boat swept out of his view, the mocking chorus still ringing:

"All over the sparkling, sparkling sea."
(To be continued—commenced in No. 260.)

A SPLENDID PRODUCTION.

We shall next week introduce to our readers, whose interest has been so deeply enlisted by the succession of superb serial stories which have run through our columns—a novel of distinguished merit and of a nature to command the admiration of all lovers of power in plot, ingenuity in construction, subtle discrimination in character and motive, and exquisitely keen apprehension of the proprieties of passion and feeling. It is

THE TERRIBLE TRUTH; OR, The Thornhurst Mystery.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "THE FALSE WIDOW," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CORAL AND RUBY," ETC., ETC.

"The best novel of the season" each of her several stories have been pronounced. It is enough to say of this new work from her pen that it is unquestionably her best to obtain for it a wide-spread currency and attention.

PLATONIC.

I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid.
For we quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid.
Besides we had our higher loves, fair Science ruled my heart.
And she said her young affections were all bound up in Art.

So we laughed at those wise men who say that friendship cannot live.
"Twixt man and woman, unless each had something more to give;
We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man and man,
I'd be a second David and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash—vows, kisses, tears and sighs.
High friendship, such as ours, might well such childish arts despise.
We liked each other, that was all, quite all there was to say.
So we just shook hands upon it in a business sort of way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together hoped and feared.
With common purpose sought the goal that young ambition reared;
We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright days to come;
We were strictly confidential, and we called each other "chum."

And many days we wandered together o'er the hills.
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills.
And rustic bridges and the like, that picture-makers prize,
To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and summer skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of full release,
We floated down the river or loved beneath the trees.
And talked in long gradation, from the poets to the weather.
While the western skies and my cigar burned slowly out together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no tell-tale glance or sigh,
Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy;
We talked of love as coolly as we talked of Nehemiah,
And thought no more of being one than we did of being three.

"Well, good-by, chum!" I took her hand, for the time had come to go—
My slang meant our parting, when to meet we did not know;
I had lingered long and said farewell with a very heavy heart.
For although we were but friends, 'twas hard indeed to part.

"Good-by, old fellow! don't forget your friends beyond the sea,
And some day, when you've lots of time, drop a line or two to me."
The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob just behind.
Well up with a story of quite a different kind.
And then she raised her eyes to mine—great liquid eyes of blue.
Filled to the brim and running o'er like violet cups of dew.
One long, long glance, and then I did, what I never did before—
Perhaps the tears meant friendship, but I'm sure the kiss meant more.

ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING-GIRL; OR, THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,
AUTHOR OF "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," "THE BEAUTIFUL FORGER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV. THE WIFE'S CONFESSION.

EVEN had the visitor been disposed to obey, he would have been intercepted. The lady's raised tones had reached other ears.

The door was thrown open, and Stanley Burke appeared on the threshold.
He was struck dumb at sight of Gideon Drake. His first thought was that the man had betrayed him.

Mrs. Burke, in convulsive weeping, had hidden her face on her arms, thrown upon the table. The visitor stood up and confronted the master of the house.

"What is all this?" demanded the banker.
"I heard my wife's voice, and find her in such distress! What have you been saying to her?"

"I must leave her to explain it," replied Gideon, in his bland, soft tones. "I came to her with a proposition. She refused compliance."

"What was it?"
"She will tell you, sir. All I have to say is—that I am still open to terms of negotiation. A letter or telegram, to that address, will be answered by me in person, in as short a time as I can come to you."

He laid a penciled card on the table, passed Mr. Burke, who was leaning over his wife, and left the room and the house.

Mrs. Burke was sobbing violently, and for some minutes took no heed of the soothing words of her husband. At last she started up, and sunk at his feet.

"Oh, Stanley, Stanley!" she gasped; "can I ever hope that you will forgive me?"
He raised her, embraced her, and placed her on the chair; then drew another close to her, and seated himself.

"Laura, my love, confide in me. I am your best friend, am I not?"

"Oh, Stanley, did you hear what that villain said?"

"I heard your voice in angry tones, and I hurried up-stairs. I heard you order him out of your presence. What had he done? Not dared to insult you?"

"He accused me wrongfully! Oh, Stanley, I never deserved such horrible words!"
"He shall answer to me for all he has said or done to offend you. I know him."

"You know him? Who is he? Oh, Stanley, who is he?"

"Not a person who should venture to claim acquaintance with you, or come into your presence, Laura. Tell me on what pretext he did so."

"He wanted to extort money."

"I suppose so. Did he dare to threaten you? Laura, my wife, you must tell me all."

"How can I tell you?" exclaimed the wife, weeping afresh, and covering her face with both hands.

"Did the villain menace you with any threat of injury to me?"

"Oh, no, no! but—"

"What hold could he have upon you? There is something strange about it all! Laura, you must tell me what is the meaning of all this!"

"Oh, my husband, how can I?"

"There is a mystery—which I do not understand. Have you kept any secret from me, Laura?"

"I have! I have! You may kill me if you wish; I deserve it! but not what that villain said!"

"Compose yourself, my wife, and tell me all! You must have no secrets from me."

"Oh, would that I never had! If I had only had the courage to confess—"

"To confess? You fill me with dark conjec-

tures! Have you ever done anything that justifies such language?"

His manner was stern and cold, and he withdrew his arm from his wife's form.

"You are angry! I merit your anger; but I have never been what that man said."

"Speak more plainly. Is there a secret which he has got hold of—that he dared to threaten you?"

"Yes, a secret; the secret of my life," Mrs. Burke answered, in a dying voice.

The banker rose, and stepped to the door, which he locked, and then saw that the other door and windows were fastened. Then he returned to his wife's side.

"Now, Laura," he said, "I must know every thing. Remember, I too have done what fills me with remorse. I shall not be hard upon you."

She looked at him, and saw in his eyes the love that can pardon everything but want of good faith. Yet she shivered, and turned away her head as she spoke.

"Before you married me—I was—"

"Go on, Laura. Surely you need not hesitate. You were an innocent school-girl when I courted you."

"A school girl, but not the artless creature you thought me, Stanley. Full of ambition, hating the narrow sphere I moved in; wily—scheming—Oh, you did not know me; for I wore a mask to you! I was—"

Again she covered her face.

The husband's face darkened.

"You were so young then," he said. "Could it be possible that you deceived me?"

"Yes; I deceived you!" cried the wife.

"Your seeming innocence was a mask! You laid snares for my wealth?" the banker muttered, bitterly. "You were lost to virtue, and me the victim—"

"No, not you must not speak so! I had only sinned in deceiving you! I was a married woman!"

"A married woman?" repeated Burke, incredulously.

"Yes; long before I entered that school I had been a wife and mother."

The banker started up, and paced the room once or twice. Then he resumed his seat.

"You will cast me from you, and I deserve it!" moaned his wife.

"Go on, if you please."

"I was married at the West, and lived with my husband four years. He was poor, and misfortune pursued him. I longed for wealth and luxury; and when he was absent on his long journeys, I suffered even want, with my poor little child. I took a desperate resolution at last. I had grown to dislike the man who had brought this hateful poverty upon me; who stood in my way. The laws of Illinois, you know, made divorce easy."

Mr. Burke struck his forehead, and an exclamation of anguish escaped his lips.

The wife went on:

"I knew a lawyer, who promised to do every thing for me. I obtained the divorce, but I had to give up my child. He claimed her—the father; and I did not oppose him."

"She would have been an obstacle in your way," muttered Burke.

"I thought of that; but when I heard she was dead, I suffered terribly. I was not heartless, Stanley. Do you remember the illness I had after our return from Europe? It was caused by grief; grief for the little girl I had abandoned."

"This is more than I can bear!" wailed the banker, again starting up.

"This is what I have to confess. Stanley, I have deceived you; I have been a hypocrite for years. You will punish me. You can obtain a divorce from me. I will submit to the fate I have merited."

"You are mistaken, Laura," the husband said. "If your divorce was legal, it forms no ground for one from you. If not legal, you never were my wife."

"It was legal—the divorce; I am sure of that. I have a certified copy of the decree. But you can be released from the wife who has deceived you."

"Falsehood is no ground of complaint," Burke replied, sarcastically. "The wife who can hoodwink her husband has the advantage. Oh, Laura, how have you shattered the idol of my worship, and laid it in the dust?"

"I deserve all! I have sinned beyond pardon. I am not worthy of you, Stanley!"

"What do you expect from me, Laura?"

"Only my punishment!"

She had stooped her head on her arms, upon the table, and was weeping softly tears of bitter remorse and humiliation.

"Laura," cried the banker, suddenly, "was the man I found in this room—was he your former husband?"

She looked up quickly; fire in her eyes, a crimson flush on her cheeks.

"He my husband? Oh, could you think I ever had fall in love with that villain! He did not even know I had been married before—I never saw him till to-day."

"Then what was the business he came about? What agitated you so much?"

"He came to tell me the child—my little daughter—was not dead, as I had been informed. He wanted money for producing her; and for keeping the secret. He thought her a child of shame—"

Another burst of tears.

"Is she in his custody?"

"It appears so. Her father believed her dead; but he had been deceived. This man, in some way, got the proofs of her identity, and traced her out. He demanded a fortune for restoring her to me, and letting no one else know of her existence."

"Do you want your child, Laura?"

She looked eagerly at him.

"I gave her up to her father; and he has been robbed of her. If I could get her out of that villain's power, I would give her back to her father. He has been wronged; he is noble; and he loves his child."

"This man offered to restore her, for money."

"I could not pay him his price, Stanley. I would not appeal to you."

"Why not? It were an act of humanity and charity to rescue a young girl from such a villain."

"Oh, my husband! would you—"

"I will not pay the man for his stolen prize; but he can be made to relinquish it. You shall have your child, Laura."

He took up the card Gideon had left on the table, looked at it, and put it in his vest-pocket.

The lady sprung up and threw herself at Burke's feet.

"You shall not prevent me this time!" she exclaimed. "May Heaven shower blessings on your head!"

"Rise, Laura; it is not becoming your proper state to kneel like a slave, or a culprit. You must give me time to get over the shock of what you have told me. I can not bear more now. But you shall have your child."

He did not dare ask the question burning in his heart of hearts—who was the husband of her early youth.

She gave him a suppliant look as he took her arm to lift her from the ground.

But his face was impassive. She only saw that a gray pallor had taken the place of its healthy color. Her revelation had shaken him more than any of the previous occurrences.

With the promise that he would do every thing necessary, but without a caress or word of endearment, he left the room.

CHAPTER XXXVI. THE MASK THROWN OFF.

It was evening before Gideon reached the hut in the forest. His daughter came out as he alighted from his horse—for he had ridden—and beset him with questions.

She was tired of her sojourn in the woods. She had found poor Alida but a dull companion, with the jealousy between them; for Charlotte was bitterly jealous of the fair girl. Her native refinement, her gentleness, her tender beauty, were an offense in the eyes of the girl who had plunged into the feverish atmosphere that invests the path of guile and evil.

The young visitor had passed the day in study; her unwilling hostess in wandering about the woods, and seeking vainly for objects to divert her attention.

"You must manage the affair by yourself," said the daughter, after inquiries which her father evaded. "I shall go to New York to-morrow."

"We will all go, and together," answered Gideon. "Have you had supper?"

"No; Hester waited for you; I see that you have failed, by your refusing to tell me anything," the girl said, sulkily.

"That does not follow. On the contrary, I make my final and successful move to-morrow. Come, let us go in; and after tea, leave me alone awhile with Miss Barrett."

The horse had been turned out to pasture on the leaves and wild grass. Gideon carried the saddle and bridle to a log out-house.

They stepped almost in silence. Alida dared ask no questions; though she was trembling with excitement, and could taste no food.

When the meal was cleared away, Charlotte, at a whisper from her father, left the room, closing the door behind her. Gideon placed a chair for his guest, and took one on the other side of the table, on which the small lamp was burning dimly.

"I am sorry, dear girl," he said, "that I have to bring you painful news. Your mother—"

He paused an instant, for the eager gaze of the girl's blue eyes half-dimmed him of his nefarious purpose.

Then he went on pitilessly:

"Your mother refuses to acknowledge you."

Alida uttered a low cry of dismay.

"One can hardly wonder at that; she is a lady of high standing, a wife of blameless repute; to own you publicly would be ruin to her."

"Why was I born?" moaned the young girl, "to be a shame and a burden to her who gave me life! It was not my fault, yet the punishment falls on me!"

The pathos of her lament might have touched even the heart incased in a triple armor of selfishness.

"Do not be cast down," Gideon said. "I can remedy all that."

Alida lifted her hopeless face.

"I will not contend even for my natural right," she faltered. "The mother is ashamed of the child she cast on the hard world to suffer for her error! Let her enjoy her splendors. I will go back to school."

"I told you I held the remedy in my hands. Trust implicitly in me, my child, and I will remove the difficulty. I will place you where your mother will be proud to own you."

"I do not want such a mother. I would rather not see her!"

"But you must not give up, dear Miss Barrett. You must settle your own future. And I am ready to help you."

"How can you?"

"Be guided by me. I can secure you the fortune that will place you on a level with the haughty dame who would repudiate you. I will do so at once, if you will only consent."

"I do not understand, sir."

"You are alone, you can of yourself do nothing. You must have a guardian whose interest is the same as yours. You must have a husband, Alida."

The girl started up.

"I begin to see through all this!" the girl murmured to herself.

"You shall marry me, Alida, to-morrow morning."

Her quivering lips strove to echo the words in sheer consternation, but made no sound.

"I have arranged everything. I will take you to the city and to the church. Charlotte will be your bridesmaid. I see you are surprised; but it is what I have counted on all along. Did you suppose, Alida, that I was working for you without hope of reward? I loved you, girl; I have loved you longer than you can imagine. If your mother had consented to receive you, I would have waited to ask her consent, and to woo you as a young lady of position ought to be courted by a suitor. But now I have no resource. You must marry me at once, and then I will demand restitution of what is yours, in defiance of your mother's scruples, and I will extort it from her fears."

While he spoke Alida had succeeded in quelling the tumultuous feelings that impelled her to burst into shrieks or violent weeping. She had forced herself into something like composure.

"Mr. Weir, I will have nothing of this. I did wrong to leave school. I have a guardian who placed me there, and I should have waited until he came himself to give up his charge. But I did so long for my mother—"

Her voice was suffocated by sobs.

"Dear child! your longing was natural. Your guardian knew it when he commissioned me to take you to your mother if I could find her. In so doing he did relinquish his charge of you."

"He never ordered me to marry an utter stranger in this hasty manner."

"You are mistaken, Alida. Both he and you have to be guided by circumstances."

"If he did order I will not obey him!" cried the girl, passionately.

"He—and I—judged it for the best. Do not recoil from me, dear girl! If I am older than yourself, I have culture and experience; I have some command of means; I can place you in a proud position."

"Pray say no more, Mr. Weir. I cannot consent. I could not, even if my mother made it the price of her acceptance of me, or if it would lift me out of the disgrace that clings to me. I thank you for all your kindness. I will go back to school, and Mrs. Arnot will help me to gain a living in some humble way."

She had risen, as if wishing to close the interview, and her trembling hands busied themselves in folding the dressing-sack she had brought in her sachel. Gideon thought it time to end the drama.

"You are beginning your packing for departure already," he said, meaningly. "But you will have to yield to a strong curb, my

pretty filly. You are never going back to the school."

Alida looked at him in amazement.

"You promised Mrs. Arnot to bring me by Saturday, Mr. Weir."

would effectually screen her from the danger of discovery by any pursuer; and she could make some little progress by keeping the road. This she did for a long time, till fatigue quite overpowered her.

There was a cluster of bushes by the roadside, and creeping behind them, she sunk on the ground, resting her head upon her satchel. At once she became unconscious; but whether sleep or a swoon had overcome her, she never could tell.

Daylight was upon her when her eyes opened. The red sun was peering above a dark bank of clouds in the east. She started up in wild alarm.

Her limbs were stiff with cold and the strained posture, but she felt refreshed by the rest. The object that struck her eyes was a line of smoke curling above trees about a quarter of a mile distant.

She hurried to the welcome shelter. She saw a woman outside the log-hut, picking up a basket of chips, and a man milking the cow. Going up to the woman, she craved permission to warm herself and rest in the house. She had walked nearly all night, she said, and had missed her way.

Surely—the woman said, she was welcome. She led her way in, placed a willow chair, and made the fire burn brightly. It was strange to see so young a girl in such a plight, and she asked numerous questions.

Alida's thoughts were ever on the probability of pursuit, and after some hesitation, she thought it best to confide in the hospitable dame. She told her story in as few words as possible, and received warm sympathy and promises that she should not be betrayed.

In answer to her inquiries, she learned that the railroad was still seven or eight miles distant.

"But you're safe enough," the dame said, "or my man would go with you. You've a straight road, and in an hour or two there'll be plenty of wagons; you can get a ride in one of them."

Reassured, the tired girl yielded to the delicious feeling of restfulness and safety, and received warmth and comfort.

The breakfast preparations gave her keen appetite. Presently the fried pork, the corn-cake, baked potatoes and steaming coffee were placed on the uncovered table. The aged laborer asked a blessing before partaking of the meal.

Never had food been so sweet to her taste as this to the forlorn wanderer. When she was ready to start again, she drew out her little purse, in which there was a dime and some change, and offered payment to the good woman, with thanks for her entertainment.

"I'll not take a cent from you, protested the worthy dame. 'It's welcome to me to everything. I can see you are poor well as myself; and God send ye good luck!'"

Alida could not prevail on her to accept even a remembrance in the little silver purse. But her heartfelt thanks and blessings were gladly received.

She went on her way again, renewed strength, and walked rapidly, looking out for wagons that did not come. It was still very early.

By this time, she thought, with thrill of fear, her enemy would be up, peris making provision for her expected journey with him. But Charlotte was a late riser. Elight had not yet been discovered. She perhaps an hour or less of possible safety then—she would be pursued on horseback.

She quickened her pace, and it on in a fast walk for an hour and a half more. It seemed that she must have come at least five miles.

She heard the roll of wheels had her, and ran to the shelter of a piece of woods. She felt dreadfully fatigued, and heart grew sick at the thought of being recaptured so near a safe termination of her flight.

A wagon rolled by, loaded to the top. She decided to follow it, but not too help. As she emerged from the thicket, unexpected sight met her view.

Half a mile or more distant in the valley, were the clustering dwellings of a village! Could it be a railway stop?

She hurried on her way. She took the wagon and spoke to the driver, inquiring what place that was. He shook his head, and growled, "Ich kann nicht English."

Alida took hold of the wheel behind and ran, dragged on by it, for an overtaxed strength began to fail again.

They reached the village, the girl stopped before an old-fashioned pump for watering-horses. Her very breath was gone.

She sunk on a box by the well. She could not speak to the passer.

Then she tried to pump the water to drink and bathe her head. It was so long about it that a brutal savage was waiting, uttered an impatient oath and flung the water from the trough over her. Her dress was drenched and soiled.

She determined to make way to the tavern, and dry her clothes, going on. She felt a stupor stealing over her, with a burning pain in her head, a was fearful of falling. Should she swoon the street, and be claimed by her persecutor, who would save her from him?

By asking one or two passers, she found the way to the little inn. He entered, and was making her way to the then.

Two or three men, busily talking, came from the dining-room Alida shrunk on one side to let them pass. He of them noticed the wet and draggled appearance of her dress, laughed, and pointed to a room opposite, the door of which stood open; bidding her go in there and dress.

She went to the door and pushed it open. The warm glow of firelight met her. A table neatly spread stood the center, and a gentleman was seated at the table.

The girl started back with cry of surprise and dismay. At one glance she had recognized Leon Burke!

She fled along the pass without a second look. But her exclamations had been heard by him, and he was at the door. As she turned for an instant, the recognition was mutual.

"Miss Barrett. Good-morning!" he exclaimed.

A woman's first impulse we all believe, is to think of her dress, in a critical situation blushed with shame. Should have rushed away to avoid any acquaintance; but Leon had grasped both her hands, and poured forth questions she was unable to answer.

"Come in here, please!" he said, and drew her into the room, and had just quitted. He placed her in an easy chair near the fire.

"You are almost faint; your dress is drenched! No—do not try to speak now. Drink some of this." He laid a cup of warm, strong coffee to her lips, and she put it away, and asked for a glass of water.

In a few moments she was able to thank him. But he would not let her talk, till he had summoned the landlady, and made her

bring dry garments, and a glass of wine, and left her to minister to the comfort of her guest. "What a lucky chance my having to come here late last night on business for my father!" he remarked to the dame. But he said nothing to call attention to the strangeness of Alida's being there.

"She has had a terrible walk"—replied the good woman to his inquiry about an hour later, "and an awful fright, too, I'm thinking! The best thing she could do would be to have a good sleep."

"Then have a room prepared for her immediately."

But Alida would not stop. Though she now felt perfectly safe, she was anxious to reach her destination—Mrs. Arnot's school, Morrisania.

She resumed her traveling-dress, and prepared to continue her journey. The station was yet a mile distant, and she could easily walk that far.

Young Burke sent in a request to see her. She felt impelled to confide in him. Desolate as she was, it was a comfort to meet sympathy she knew to be sincere. And he was so full of tenderness and pity, and warm regard not allied to the love that had once driven her from a home.

She forgot altogether what Miss Le Brun had told her of her betrothal to him.

So she told him, in all simplicity, the story of the fraud practiced on her; the appeal to her unknown mother, and the project of her captor. Not till she had mentioned that the villain was Charlotte's father, and that his real name was Gideon Drake, did the recollection flash upon her that Miss Le Brun had claimed to be the affianced wife of Leon Burke.

She stopped suddenly, overwhelmed with mortification.

Leon made no comment on her story. But he said:

"You shall go no further alone! I have my phaeton here, and I will drive you to Mrs. Arnot's."

"Oh, no, Mr. Burke! I can go in the train. I know the way very well from the station."

"You have had walking enough! You are in danger, now, of illness from fatigue! And you would not be safe. I will take you; but you had better rest till afternoon. It is only a few hours' drive."

She could not rest. She was too anxious to go. It was Saturday, too; and Mrs. Arnot would be expecting her.

Deaf to all her protestations of being able to pursue the journey alone, Leon ordered his phaeton. He was driving it himself. He took a warm shawl offered by the landlady, wrapped it round the shivering form of the pale girl, and sprung into the seat. They took the carriage-road.

Alida drew her veil down, and closed her eyes, with a sense of security and comfort. She fell into a doze as the light phaeton glided along the smooth road.

Leon did not disturb her by speaking. He saw that her utter exhaustion, with the dreadful excitement she had undergone, had brought her to the verge of brain fever. Her face was flushed; her breathing was oppressed and irregular. Rest alone could save her from illness.

At the hut in the forest there had been an exciting scene. Gideon rose early, and had brought out from an outhouse a dilapidated wagon, to which he meant to harness the horse he had ridden. He spent an hour or two mending the harness; then called Hester to get breakfast ready.

Just as it was prepared, Charlotte uttered a cry from the inner room. She had that instant discovered the flight of her companion.

Without waiting for breakfast, Gideon saddled his horse, and started in pursuit. He had no doubt of soon overtaking the fugitive.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 248.)

False Faces: OR, THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME. A MYSTERY OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "A LIVING LIE," "SCARED TO DEATH," "BERNAL OLYDE," "ELMA'S CAPTIVITY," "STELLA, A STAR."

CHAPTER XX A DISCOVERY.

"HEAVENS!"

This exclamation broke involuntarily from the lips of Edgar Skelmersdale, as he stood upon the corner of Broome street and the Bowery, waiting for a car to pass him.

A fair young girl came and stood beside him, also waiting for the car to pass. He had a full view of her features, and his eyes dilated, and the exclamation I have noted burst from his lips, as he gazed upon that sunny face.

She never noticed the keen scrutiny he was bestowing upon her, and the rattle and din of the vehicles in the street prevented her from hearing the word that leaped, so to speak, with such vehemence to his lips.

When the crossing was clear she tripped lightly across the street.

"She was with him here, then!" he muttered.

Then he shook himself, to break away from the trance of astonishment into which she had thrown him, and swiftly followed her.

"Now that chance has so fortunately cast her into my way, I must try and find out where she lives," he told himself, as he followed the retreating form of the fair girl.

Henrietta, for she was the girl, pursued her way unconscious of this espionage.

He tracked her to the tenement house and saw her enter it. He paused in a bewildered manner at the door.

"Can it be possible that she lives here, and so near our lodge room?" he asked himself, perplexedly. "Could his daughter be living in such a humble home! It seems incredible! Have I made a mistake? Have I been deceived by one of those strange resemblances which are so frequent occurrence? No, no; the mother's features are too indelibly stamped upon my memory, and only her child could bear that face! But would he place her in such a locality as this? I do not know what to make of it! She may be here on some business—some charitable errand, perhaps? Then she will not remain long. I will wait and see."

For an hour he loitered near the house, but Henrietta did not appear.

"It is useless to remain here," he muttered, his patience becoming exhausted. "I will go to Selkreg's office, as I intended when she so unexpectedly crossed my path. I think he will be as much surprised as I was. There will be no trouble in finding the house again; I have carefully noted it."

With this he walked swiftly away. He went down the street to Grand, passed through it to Center, turned the corner, and continued until he reached a dilapidated building, which bore a

number of small signs about its door. One of these was inscribed: "CEBRA SELKREG, Attorney at Law."

He entered this building, went up a flight of well-worn, dirty stairs, and knocked at the first door on the landing.

This door bore the number 5, and the name of Cebra Selkreg.

"Come in!" cried a voice within.

Skelmersdale opened the door and entered the dingy den that Selkreg called his "office."

It was a square apartment, of small dimensions, with one window looking out upon the street. Its furniture was scanty. It was without a carpet. There was a high desk upon one side, with a high stool beside it, and the desk was littered with an old inkstand, pens in wooden handles, bits of sealing-wax, blotting-paper, a piece of rubber, and some scattered sheets of paper, law-blanks. This was the post that Selkreg's clerk occupied when on duty; but he had been sent away at this time to serve a summons. There was a book-case, filled with law-books, in calf bindings, in one corner, looking grim and dusty.

A round table, covered with green baize, occupied the center of the apartment, and on this were little packages of papers, tied with red tape, arranged in a circle around a notarial seal. These were Cebra's briefs.

Then there was a rusty stove, and three arm-chairs, and a small desk by the window.

Opposite the stove was a door marked "Private office." This door was half glass, and seen dimly through the glass was a green curtain. The curtain was hardly necessary, though, for the glass was so begrimed with dirt that it was almost impossible to see through it.

Tilted back in one of the arm-chairs, with legs on the small desk, sat Cebra Selkreg, smoking a cigar. He appeared to be in a state of placid enjoyment.

"Ah! it's you—I thought so!" he exclaimed, as Skelmersdale entered. "You're late. I expected you an hour ago. Sit down—have a weed?"

"No—I'm in no humor for smoking."

Skelmersdale took hold of one of the chairs, and the back came off in his hand. He hurled it to the floor with an imprecation.

"Try the other—that's whole," said Selkreg, composedly.

Skelmersdale sunk moodily into the other chair.

"Why don't you get some new chairs?" he inquired, pettishly.

"What's the use? I don't expect to keep my shingle up here much longer, you know. I'm only waiting for our ship to come home, eh? You know the saying—poetical, isn't it?"

"Bah!" growled Skelmersdale.

"Well, you are out of sorts."

Selkreg looked keenly at his client with his little ferret eyes.

"Something has happened? I knew something was up the moment you entered the room. Is it bad news?"

"I don't know how you may take it. I have made a wonderful discovery."

"Ah! What?"

"I have found her—the girl."

Selkreg removed his legs from the desk with surprising alacrity.

"What, the daughter?" he cried.

"Yes."

"The deuce you say?"

"I met her just now, in the Bowery."

"Pshaw! Well, that is news! And does that make you grumpy? Why, that is just what we want. How did you happen to meet her?"

Skelmersdale recounted his meeting with Henrietta, and Selkreg was very much astonished, as Edgar had supposed he would be.

"Now, that's what I call luck!" he exclaimed. "We might have hunted for her for a year without finding her, and you just stumble on her accidentally. Why, this is splendid! I hope that didn't put you out of temper?"

"I don't know how it is, but the sight of that girl's face, so like her mother's, seemed to awaken in my breast a feeling of—of—you will laugh—of remorse."

"Fudge! Don't get such ideas into your head, or you'll spoil our scheme."

"Ah! if you knew how I loved that woman—"

"Transfer that love to the daughter; that's the plan, you know, and you'll be consoled for your disappointment in the past."

"You are right. Such thoughts are folly."

"To be sure; a man never thought of a woman yet without committing some folly. I don't understand what you are amoyed about. Why, this thing is just working beautifully into our hands."

He was silent for a moment, as if revolving something in his mind, and then he added, suddenly:

"But you are sure it is the daughter?"

"I am positive of it!"

"It would be awkward to make a mistake, you know. Now there's one phase of the matter that puzzles me."

"What's that? Her residence? That she should be living in the tenement house?"

"Exactly."

"That is what I cannot understand, myself. I followed her and saw her enter the house. I could not reconcile it to my mind that she should be living in such a house and such a neighborhood, and so I waited for full an hour to see if she would come out again."

"And she did not?"

"I am afraid that will not be so easily done as you think," he replied. "Remember that is a very populous neighborhood. You could not seize her by force without attracting attention."

"Force? Oh, there'll be no force about it. Nobody in the street will be anything the wiser for my proceedings. You don't think I'm fool enough to attempt to carry her off in broad daylight, do you?"

Edgar Skelmersdale smiled.

"Hardly as bad as that," he answered; "but I did not know but what you might attempt to do so in the evening."

"That would be worse still; the streets are crowded with people in that locality when the lamps are lit. Oh, no; I have a better plan than that, I promise you."

"Do you intend to decoy her, as we did the father?"

"No; I hardly think we could do that; these young girls are apt to be skittish. No, no, this girl shall disappear so utterly and entirely that the sharpest detective upon the force will be unable to form the least idea of what has become of her."

"How will you contrive that?"

Cebra Selkreg chuckled at the puzzled expression of Skelmersdale's face.

"Leave it to me," he rejoined. "You have never known me to make a bungle in my plans yet, have you?"

"No; I have great faith in your ability, Selkreg, as you must know, or I should never have offered you so liberal a percentage for obtaining the Bartyne property for me."

"It's worth it, my boy, it's worth it; and, without being egotistical, I can say that you could not get it without my help."

"I am willing to admit it. Your advice has stood me in good stead, and if you place this girl in my power, the reward for all your services will be speedily forthcoming."

"That's what I'm aiming at. I'm just as anxious to see you in possession of the property as you are to get it. My fingers just itch to handle the profits of those flowing wells, which bubble up their gassy contents so generously and spontaneously. I shall supercede Mr. Ossian Plummer in his office of superintendent with a great deal of pleasure. Who would have thought that wooden-faced Yankee would have been so shrewd?"

"I fear we shall have a great deal of trouble in disposing of him yet," returned Edgar Skelmersdale, with a doubtful shake of the head.

"Do you? I'll make short work of him! Only wait until you are married to the girl; that's our next move."

"And a very difficult one."

Selkreg laughed, rather conceitedly.

"Genius can surmount difficulties," he answered. "It gives a man the clew to every Cretan labyrinth. I'll show you a way out of this difficulty so easily that you will be astonished."

Edgar Skelmersdale smiled.

"I am ready to be astonished," he replied. "When am I to have the girl?"

"To-night?"

"So soon?"

"Unless I miss my calculations, and I don't think I shall."

"You have astonished me already."

"She shall be in the lodge-room to-night. To-morrow I will procure the minister, and the marriage can take place to-morrow night."

"But if the girl should refuse?"

"She must consent or—"

"Or what?"

Selkreg paused, ominously.

"She must die!"

A shudder convulsed Edgar Skelmersdale's frame.

"No, no, you must not kill her!" he cried, quickly. "I can never consent to that!"

"Selkreg shrugged his shoulders, disdainfully.

"Would you let the life of this puny girl stand between you and this immense property?"

"I do not know," answered Skelmersdale, slowly and moodily. "There is more blood upon my head now than I will know how to answer for. Ah, when I think of the mother's hapless fate! Heaven knows it was not in my mind to kill her that night. I merely threatened her, to force compliance to my wishes. He came unexpectedly, and in the desperate struggle that ensued, she received the blow aimed at him."

Selkreg listened attentively to this muttered revelation of the past.

"I see," he returned. "He was found with the body, and accused of the crime?"

"Yes."

"And that charge has never been cleared away?"

"No."

"Your confession alone then can free his name from the stain that rests upon it?"

"Yes. When Henrietta is my wife, cannot I exonerate his name in some way, without criminating myself?"

Selkreg pondered over this question.

"Well, yes; something of that sort might be done. I should say," he answered, at length; "but is it worth while? The man's dead and gone, and it can't do him any good; and Henrietta will bear your name. Besides, almost all the people who knew Genni Bartyne, and resided in that neighborhood at the time, have sold out to oil speculators, and moved away. The people about there now probably never heard of Genni Bartyne; and they are too busily employed in trying to make money to think of anything else. You know you were surprised at the great changes that had taken place about there."

fy the band that a meeting for urgent business will take place to-night. If you will look in at Doctor Watervliet's office, about six o'clock, I can give you further details, and all the information I pick up about the girl."

"That's a good idea; I will be there."

"Of course it's a good idea—all my ideas are good," replied Selkreg, complacently.

"That was another good idea taking Dr. Watervliet into our society; he's a good doctor, though he was starving for want of patients. I christened him HENBANE in the lodge. Not bad that, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, and he called you Nightshade in return."

"Yes, on the principle that one good turn deserves another. We can have the marriage take place in his parlor. I'll terrify the girl so that she will be glad enough to say 'yes,' and not claim the minister's protection. Come, I can leave the office, for Tom will be back shortly."

They left the office together.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 252.)

WHAT SHALL MY NEW NAME BE?
BY FRANK DAVES.

What shall my new name be—
Johnson, Smith or Brown?
And where shall I live when I'm married,
In country, or city, or town?

What shall my new name be—
Jenkins, or Grymes, or Rose?
And what does the darling resemble,
And pray has he got a pug nose?

What shall my new name be—
Coopider, or Phipps, or Jones?
And is the sweet prospect a fat one,
Or is he a package of bones?

What shall my new name be—
Thompson, or Skinner, or Hall?
And will he be short and good-natured,
Or will he be solemn and tall?

What shall my new name be—
Hickman, or Spillman, or Jay?
Ah, well! I don't care much about it;
God send in a hurry the day.

ENGAGED YOUNG LADIES are done by a writer in the *Jewish Messenger*, who says: "So nice, is it not to be engaged? Every morning her young man calls upon her on his way to his office, kisses and presents her with a fresh rose, so emblematic of herself; and every evening he calls again, kisses her and bestows upon her a new novel and a dainty bouquet. He takes tea with her folks, and admires the way in which she presides over the table, and whispers to her so softly how delightful it will be when she pours out the tea and butters the toast for him alone! Then those heavenly evenings in the parlor, with the gas dimly burning, the old folks asleep, that horrid brother in the theater or the club, the teasing sister studying her lessons in her bedroom—they two alone to their happiness; was ever such bliss expected when she used to talk to her schoolmates about her future?"

AN AROMATIC "WASH."—Olive Harper has taken a genuine Turkish bath in Constantinople, and bursts forth thus: "One attendant stood at my head, holding my gold-embroidered bathing apparatus, one lathered me with perfumed soap till I began to imagine myself a gigantic rose, and all these beautiful beings laughing and singing and gliding around me but other specimens of flowers. Another attendant rubbed me with gloves made of sponge, and another poured warm water over me incessantly, not dashing it, not letting it trickle, but just emptied the beautifully-chased silver ewer over me with the gentlest of motions, till it seemed like a caress. Then soap of bitter almonds was rubbed on my face, and other of another kind was rubbed in my hair, all done in that tender, caressing way that made it a positive ecstasy; then more perfumed water, till I felt drowning in a sea of all delights, in which I could distinguish perfumes, flowers, sweet-singing voices and forms of heavenly beauty."

The Letter-Box.

BATTERY (New York City) writes: "Will you please inform me what will remove ink spots from lace curtains? Also, which hand should be used to lift the hat to a lady, and which to a gentleman?"

To remove the ink lay your curtains on some soft cloth, and rub thoroughly with a mixture made by dissolving a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a teacupful of hot water; or use common table salt and the juice of a lemon. Whether bowing to a gentleman or lady always lift the hat with the left hand, leaving the right free to shake hands.

CELESTE (New Haven) asks: "If a young lady is engaged to a gentleman and he dies, is it quite proper for her to wear mourning for him? If so, how long does she wear it, what style of mourning should she wear, and may she go into society?"

It is perfectly "proper" for a lady to wear mourning for her betrothed. The same style of mourning which she would wear for a father or brother is customarily worn for a lover about a year. She would go into society the same as she would while in mourning for any other relative.

ESTELLE FOSTER (Bordentown, N. J.)

The most stylish wedding invitations are engraved on perfectly plain, smooth-finished paper, with out monogram or initial. The envelope is very long and narrow, without a line of raised or fancy work about it. A novelty in cards and envelopes, for weddings and invitations, is called "opalinescent," and is finished much like the old-fashioned enameled cards, but reflects the colors of the rainbow, like the shimmer of opals, as the light strikes it; but it is rather pronounced.

Bridal net, three yards wide, costs \$17.50 a yard. You need three yards. Finish with a broad hem run with silk floss. A veil ready-made, of the same quality, will cost about \$12. Very handsome flowers for the hair, skirt and corsage bouquet, can be procured for \$10.

HENRY (Troy, N. Y.) writes: "When a gentleman takes a lady out

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

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THE COMING SERIAL!

We give, in the next issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, the first chapters of

MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON'S

SPLENDID STORY,

The Terrible Truth;

OR,
THE THORNRURST MYSTERY.

In this powerful work the author of "Strangely Wed," "Adria, the Adopted," "Madame Durand's Proteges," etc., etc., presents a series of incidents and acts which form a most extraordinary yet perfectly natural network around the feet of a son, that places him in the greatest peril a man can confront; and in his secret enemy and open friend and adviser we have a phase of human nature which makes us shudder that such ingenious villains can live. All through is the pervading presence and influence of a confiding, clear-headed, coy girl, who, seeing with faith's vision, penetrates a mystery which baffles all others, and gives to the story an element of intense beauty and pathos.

The story is one to hold in thrall every reader, and is a fit successor to the brilliant works which it has been our pleasure to present our readers during the past season.

The Arm-Chair.

EVE LAWLESS, in this issue, devotes her attention to "Literary Bore," and is rather apologetic for the editor and severe on his annoyers.

What she says is, in a general sense, quite true, but we would not have the impression go forth that to all editors all who visit them, or write them long personal letters, are bores, since there are visitors, and many of them, who are not only not bores, but bring sunshine and smiles with them, and radiate good-fellowship wherever they go. Such are ever welcome in our rooms, and if we are at the moment too busy to give them our ear, they'll smile and—call again.

No more threatening sign over our doors—"No bores admitted," for we are glad to think no one who wants to call is willingly a bore. There are such signs, we know, but they always seemed to us a gross insult to every friend and caller. If a person really is a bore, the editor well knows how to give him a cool reception whose one lesson will suffice. There is no just reason why an editor should not be amenable to every rule of politeness and courtesy marked out for others' conduct, and he himself becomes both boor and bore when he treats those who would be friendly with incivility and rudeness.

We don't do "noticing" for books and periodicals, but must speak a word of compliment for the several catalogues of the seedsmen which have found their way to our tables.

These catalogues have, owing to the competition rife among seedsmen, become books of reference on flowers and vegetables, and guides for their treatment and culture. Almost every flower of merit is reproduced in engraving, making the volume one of pictorial interest and beauty, while the descriptions and directions accompanying are models of epitomized information and suggestion.

That such beautiful and intrinsically valuable books are given away, as they are, by the tens of thousands, is a trade necessity which makes the public the gainer; and we can wish our readers no pleasanter companion than they will find in the catalogues of Vick, of Rochester; Briggs Brothers, of same place; Bliss & Co., and Peter Henderson, of New York, etc., etc.

We shall, in due season, present Notes and Hints on Flowers and the Flower Garden, which our lady readers at least will read with interest.

Sunshine Papers.

Matrimonial Suicide.

WERE you ever naughty? Real, downright wicked, I mean!

Did you ever break mother's best glass preserve-dish when it was full of the last strawberries, saved for that special evening, because Miss Samantha Green was to take tea with her? And did you get an awful scolding, when the breaking of it was an accident and you really felt very badly? And when you said you "couldn't help it," did mother tell you that you were a careless, good-for-nothing child; and that she wouldn't have you answering her back; and when you couldn't see for the tears that were in your eyes and upset the plate of cookies on the table-cloth, did mother send you up the back stairs to your room to "think over your wicked display of temper?" And as you went, did you slam the door after you and, quite overcome by the enormity of the sins laid to your charge, wickedly wish you were dead? And did you fall to speculating as to whether such a consummation could be brought about by smothering yourself in your feather-bed, or climbing out on the shed of the porch and falling off—or with a sudden recollection of last Sunday's lesson, and the exploit of the Kenith woman—whether the rusty iron nail on your casement would produce instant death, could you succeed in driving it into your forehead with the hair-brush?

After spending considerable time in trying to decide which would be the easiest method of getting yourself away from the troubles of this world, and wondering what mother would do and say when she found you dead, and if Jimmy Brooks would feel very badly, and be

unable to complete his new water-mill without you, you became interested in your Sunday-school book and did not put an end to your life quite as soon as you expected. In the mean time, the spilled berries had been replaced with some jam, that Miss Samantha declared was "the best she ever laid eyes on"; the rest of the tea-drinking had gone off smoothly, and mother, much mollified, called you down to supper.

You were thus suddenly reminded that you had not accomplished your desperate designs, and being rather hungry, concluded to defer them. When you reached the table you found an unusually large plate of jam, two cookies, and a generous slice of pound-cake at your place, and you concluded not to kill yourself at all. In fact, you became so repentant, that after Miss Samantha was gone, and mother had washed and put away the best china-dishes, and came up-stairs to take the lamp out of your room and kiss you good-night, you told her how sorry you were about the glass dish; and that you really had not meant to break it; and felt so badly that you wished you were dead; adding that you had contemplated bringing about such a result yourself. With what a horror-stricken face mother sat at your side, and told you that such thoughts were very wicked; and that God never forgave any one who killed themselves; but that they would go straight to the "wicked place," and suffer a doom of eternal punishment for their sin!

Oh! how you lay awake that night—afraid of the darkness and yet afraid to go to sleep, for fear you might die as a punishment for your wicked thoughts.

And yet how many of us, for all our vivid remembrances of our keen childish anguish over the wickedness of only thinking of suicide—in these latter days—recklessly commit the sin itself; accepting an inevitable punishment, bitterer, perhaps, than comes to the heart-sick and weary ones who despairingly seek for better things in an unknown future.

Commit the sin itself! Only the record of it is found under the list of Marriages instead of Deaths!

There can be no direr misery, or blacker sin, than matrimonial suicide! Would not Laura say so, who walks the streets clad royally and yet knows herself less worthy respect than the humblest of her sisterhood, because she has sold herself, and defrauded a man of the treasures he hoped to find, for gold? Would not Esther tell you so, knowing that alien creeds make alien hearts, miserable homes, and baby-loves but fresh causes of dissension? Think you not Mary knows this, who, having involved herself in a rash, romantic, youthful marriage, finds herself a deserted wife? Cannot Harrie testify to it, who for a fleeting fancy paid no regard to advice, and to-day is bitter-hearted because branded with divorce?

George, who, through moral cowardice, married where marriage was a mockery, knows that matrimonial suicide involves the perpetrator in perpetual punishment! Rob, with a pride that sought to give the lie to wounded love, rashly married where love was not, and learned that misery, coldness and indifference are far bitterer curses than the "patient waiting" which may heal wounds and open the blossoms of fairest flowers over graves.

Let memory of childish troubles, and reflections, and beliefs, come back to us sometimes, and teach us lessons of patience, and endurance, and truth to self and right, that shall deter us from committing more fatal suicide than that we dreamed of in the days when mother sent us to bed without our supper.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

LITERARY BORES.

Don't bore editors! Poor men; they often have more troubles than you or I are aware of, and we ought to have more compassion on them than we do, and be more thoughtful of their valuable time than to trespass on it as we do. I don't think they get all the praise they deserve, nor do they deserve half the censure bestowed upon them. They have arduous duties to perform, many disagreeable tasks to accomplish, and work enough to keep their minds busy, and those who weary them with long visits or long letters are decidedly bores of the first magnitude. If "time is money" with any class of beings, it is certainly so with editors. Every moment is valuable to them, and is devoted to some particular duty.

I don't believe editors like to decline manuscripts half as well as they do to accept them. They had rather encourage than depress, and find more pleasure in praising than censuring. I know that you and I are apt to feel hurt, if we get our article rejected, and vent our spleen on the editor's head, yet when we calmly think the matter over, we come to the conclusion that editor knew better what would please his readers than we, and we strive to do better next time. If we knew of the immense amount of manuscript our good friends, the editors, have to wade through and then find them not worth printing, we'd be inclined to believe they ought to be endowed with the patience of Job.

If you have spare time don't use it in an editor's office, for you are not wanted there. It is the height of rudeness to meddle with his exchanges and pry into his subscription-book. What do these matters concern any one? They are as much his property as the money in your pocket-book is yours. If an editor does not treat you with that wonderful cordiality and politeness which you think you deserve, you may feel assured that your room is better than your company.

Take the attention of an editor or a writer from his work and you are doing more harm than you are aware of, because it is not so easy to get back ideas that have once flown, and ideas are the stock in trade of most literary persons. Your literary individual hates no one so much as a loafer about him; his company is never welcome, and it is so hard to show him that such is the case without actually telling him, so that you have either got to put up with it or be downright rude.

Pity the individual who has to live by brain-work and make his life as easy as you can. You don't know the many cares, the numberless head-aches, and the multitudinous vexations that fall to his lot. If you imagine his life to be a bed of roses, you have never made a greater mistake. I am in sober and downright earnest when I tell you that editorship and authorship are hard vocations. I know many people argue to the contrary, but that doesn't make them in the right, does it? The brain tires and wears out quicker than the body, for it has a harder strain upon it. The public require reading, some as a pleasure, some for edification, and some as a necessity. There is an immense demand for it, and to make the supply equal to the demand writers must keep their brains and pens busy; and it is not long before they write and write themselves out. They often miscalculate their ability to accomplish, and their over-strain is apt to bring on sickness and pain. Confinement to the

house or office, with but little exercise, are not conducive to the best of health, and, unless you can be of help to the over-worked writer, you had better keep aloof, unless you strongly desire to be called a bore.

Never pester or plague any one, not even the meanest creature on earth, because it is neither good nor right, and if it is an actual necessity for you to plague some one, and you can not dwell in a state of happiness unless you tease somebody, don't you let it be with editors or authors, or I shall send them after you with a big stick, and follow them up myself with a sharp pen. I am rather partial to the literary fraternity myself; hence the good word I am speaking for them, and I am not going to stand by and see their patience abused without letting my pen have a scratch on the subject.

EVE LAWLESS.

FAULT-FINDING.

WERE you ever employed by a person who would never be satisfied with anything you did? Whose sole conversation seemed to be one eternal scold, scold, scold? Was such a line of conduct favorable to making you strive to do better? Did it not almost induce you to try at all? Were you not inclined to ask if anything could please your employer? Of course all cannot make such remarks, for, if they did, they would be instantly discharged, and, as they depend on their weekly stipend for their daily bread, they have to suffer on in silence.

Mr. A. wonders how Mr. B. can manage to keep his clerks so long, while he, Mr. A., is continually discharging his, and continually having to procure new ones.

The reason is a very simple one: Where Mr. A. finds fault Mr. B. praises; where Mr. A. depresses Mr. B. encourages. Mr. B's clerks are fond of their employer, and will do all in their power to please him, for they are sure of a kind word of encouragement for their endeavors to give him satisfaction. Mr. A's employees probably are somewhat careless, for, they argue, "What is the use of trying to satisfy Mr. A., when he never will be satisfied, try as hard as we will? It is all the same to him whether we do our duty or not. Besides, he often blames us when he is more likely to be to blame himself."

"Our salaries are given to us as though we had not earned them, and as though they were begrudged to us. No man wants to work for a snarler and fault-finder, and no one will do so if he can help it."

Men are but mortal; clerks are but human, after all, and perfection is rarely to be met with on this globe. We are all likely to be in error in some things. The men who never make mistakes are varieties and curiosities, but those who think such beings are abundant, or ought to be, are exceedingly numerous.

The fault-finders blunt the progress of those who are striving to succeed; they crush out their ambition; they are elogs and barriers to advancement. If people must find fault, let their corrections be given in a cheerful manner. Don't scold unnecessarily; better never scold at all. Advice is oftener more heeded when kindly dealt out. It is far better to encourage than to discourage. You'll have better horses by singing while you are riding behind them, than all your beatings with the whip will accomplish; and you'll have better and more faithful workmen by giving them a word of commendation, than you will in a whole year of snarling and fault-finding. F. S. F.

Foolscap Papers.

Daniel Boone.

EVERYBODY who has ever heard anything of Daniel Boone knows something or other about him.

D. Boone, Esq., was born in the latter part of some time ago, O. S., when he was a mere infant, in the State of North Carolina, and about that time he wasn't any taller than a stick with both ends out.

When quite young he began to show a disposition to be a great hunter, and spent days hunting for pins and hunting for preserves in the pantry, and also hunting for water-melon patches.

His father bought him a little rifle to hunt hens' nests with, and he became very expert in the use of it. It got to be as handy in his hand as a piece of bread and butter.

He could do anything with it. He used to sit and shoot the weeds out of the garden; in fact, he preferred the rifle to the hoe. If he wanted a hole in a log or a board, instead of boring it with an auger, he used to stand off and shoot it in with the rifle, and in applying time he never thought of climbing up after them, but always shot them off at the stem.

He could hit the mark seven times out of seven, and sometimes ten times out of ten, or more, and he never missed the front door knob, and he could take the points off the lightning-rod with the most pleasing accuracy, and make a center-shot in any pane in the up-stairs windows.

He took his rifle to school one time, but it made the children laugh and play to see a rifle at an institution of learning, and so the teacher set it out and let it linger by the door in hopes that it would go off before Daniel would appear, and Dan threatened to show the teacher how to use it in with the rifle, and in applying time he never thought of climbing up after them, but always shot them off at the stem.

Shooting other people's chickens and geese and pigs got, after awhile, to be tame business, and he longed to plunge into the western wilds in search of Indians and other game; for his imagination had been fired by reading reliable novels of Western Indians, and he thought there was a fine opening for a man who could shoot up in the air so straight that the ball would come back right into the muzzle again, giving him a chance in the mean time to reload and thus keep the ball going up and coming down all day.

So he shouldered his rifle and struck out for the backwoods of Kentucky (though for my part I would rather have struck for the front woods just at that period, where there would not have been so much danger), and from that time till his death his life was full of those wild exploits which have made his name famous all over the length, breadth and depth of the land.

Whenever the Indians had some beautiful girl tied to a stake, and were just about to set fire to the kindlings, Daniel (that was what his father always called him when in bad humor, but when in good humor he called him familiarly, "Dan"), was always sure to come in with a hop, skip and a jump, and with one shot kill fifteen savages, and request the balance to wait till he loaded again, but they always lit out and the maiden was saved. (See novels of the period.)

He was a precious Boone.

Whenever he came across Indians in the woods he had an art of bobbing around among

the trees so fast that the Indians took him to be a full company of men, and would pack their valises and leave, leaving their captives who would crush him under their blessings.

He always wanted to better the condition of the red-skins and send them to the happy hunting-grounds.

He was often captured by them and bound hand and foot, but Dan had been acquainted with the Davenport boys, and got their secret of slipping out of the ropes, and the Indians would invariably become bald-headed suddenly.

Whenever Dan came upon the red-skins asleep he would steal up to them like a hawk, and with his tomahawk he would quietly relieve them of their heads and lay them to one side before they had a chance even to hawk or spit, which was one of the worst kinds of hawkings the Indians ever knew.

The Indians, although fond of beads, were never very well satisfied with the beads that Dan used to draw on them. They didn't desire to wear more of them than they could possibly avoid, and they were not proud of them. The Indians considered the sight on his rifle the very worst sight they ever saw.

Whenever a buck would come across Dan in the woods he would haul him in his horns.

Dan was a great runner, and would have made a fine race as a candidate for Congress, had he run. It was only when he ran out of ammunition that he ran away after some more, and if the Indians ran after him he always went so fast that his shadow was half an hour catching up with him, and then it would come up tired out.

He used to run so fast that he would run entirely out of his own sight, and it was only occasionally that he could get a glimpse of himself.

He sometimes ran backward, to put his pursuers on the wrong track, and frequently, to mislead them, would climb a tree and run over the tops of the forest, like a squirrel.

It is estimated that he took enough scalps to start an Illinois tan-yard.

People in the East heard of his great deeds and came out by hundreds to see how it was all done, and by-and-by Kentucky got to be settled, and the Bourbon element got to be in everybody's hands and mouths.

The Indians getting discouraged, what was left of them ranged westward, not caring to stay in Dan's range, and Dan was honored as the patron saint of the State of Kentucky.

If he had lost his life when in dangerous places, it has been computed he would have lost it several thousand times, but it is recorded that he never got killed once—not the least little bit killed.

On the fields made celebrated by his daring exploits, on the fields made dark and bloody with the crimson life of the savage breast, the rye gently waves its bearded heads in the peaceful breeze; the spirits of the dead haunt the spot together with the spirits of more modern times. The records of the former and the excessive tax on the latter, are some things that but few historians can contemplate without a shudder.

Historically yours,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

STOLEN FINERY.

THERE were sold recently in New York, at Marshall's sale, five trunks full of elegant dresses, saques, handkerchiefs, etc., etc., which had been seized in the process of smuggling. Their nominal owner was a noted French modiste, who, it is stated, made two annual visits to Paris to fill for her customers large orders for their summer and winter wear. These goods she would pack in trunks, and calling them her own baggage, would, by certain representations, succeed in having them pass duty-free, which enabled her to supply elegant wardrobes at about two-thirds their American value. Her customers, of course, were, without exception, wealthy women, every one of whom knew how the goods were "run in," in violation of law, thus, in law, becoming parties to the fraud. The seizure of the five trunks and exposure which followed showed how great the fraud had been, but, what was lamentable in the matter, was the non-punishment of all the parties inculpated; only the French woman who acted as commissionaire was visited with the penalties of the smuggler; and though the customs officers found within the trunks a memorandum giving the names of the real owners of the goods, yet nothing was done to bring them to account—only the goods were all confiscated, were placed on exhibition previous to the sale, and were sold at auction, on the 13th inst.

This affair has produced a painful impression regarding the probity of many of our so-called women "leaders of society." Here was a mode of swindling, systematically inaugurated by them, by which to dress with elegance at comparatively small expense—making a show with five thousand dollars which would cost others one-half more. They thus not only lent their influence to fraud, but gave to that fraud a certain respectability, and the success of their agent called into action other modistes whose customers must likewise be served with smuggled wardrobes.

When women—ladies—descend to such swindling, it argues badly for the moral tone of the circles in which they move. They have not one shadow of excuse for such fraud—only their vanity is pampered and their pride flattered by the extra elegance of their clothes, obtained by smuggling. If their sons and daughters are to profit by their mother's example, what will follow? Or, if the husband defrauds and swindles, what reproof can the wife administer?

The passion for dress leads to many excesses which are not sinful, but rather pitiful. If a woman, in order to dress as richly as a neighbor or a rival, denies herself even decent food, or neglects to educate her children, because all the money is spent in dress, it is a pitiful evidence of weakness and vanity, which will, sooner or later, correct itself. But when she deliberately cheats and defrauds, in order to gratify her desires to dress richly, she enters the lists of those who sooner or later fill our prisons, or, escaping that, lose caste with all honorable and reputable people.

To dress well is a harmless ambition if it makes no compromise of integrity and good intent. It is even a commendable desire where it leads to no excesses or improper sacrifices; but let her who loves truth more than untruth rigidly abjure the dress which has been obtained by a compromise of integrity or propriety.

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May—Shakespeare.

If you would be good, first believe that you are bad—Epictetus.

The fewer our wants, the nearer we resemble the gods—Socrates.

They are but beggars who can count their worth—Shakespeare.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Name writers of MSS. must be given, and the name must appear on the paper as sent, and be clearly legible, and be accompanied by each page as it is written, and carefully giving it the full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We shall have to decline "Nolla's Dead Love," "Loss of the Kadash," "The Homeless Boy," "An Unexpected Clue," "White-robed Somnambulist," "A Little Mistake," "Old Moss Beally's Big Cache," "The Mustang's Maud," "Tom Flus Too Many," "Abigail Jones Widow," "The Main Chance."

These contributions we place on the accepted list: "The Captive's Plea," "My Traveling Acquaintance," "The Clave," "The Little White Flower," "A Special Case," "Mrs. Brain's New Forecast," "A Lost Match," "Great and Small," "Hearts that Live," "A Test that Failed."

G. A. The N. Y. Weekly Tribune circulates about 50,000.

ABSTEMIOUS. Beer is a very gross drink. Don't use it.

JOHNNY DEAN. A good pair of skates can be had for \$1.50.

MISS H. A. T. Will advise you as soon as spring styles are out.

G. S. H. Good telegraph operators get about \$30 per week wages.

H. W. W. We will try soon to give the sea serial named.

D. J. M. Poem is passable, but much too long for our columns.

CALEMAN. We can supply the numbers; price six cents each.

SUBSCRIBER. New Castle. There is no paper now published of the name indicated.

JOHN NEW YORK. See Confectioner's Guide for the recipe you want.

W. H. J. A cubic foot of gold weighs 1,013 pounds. Having this you can obtain the weight of a cubic inch of the metal.

GREENY. We know of no "Marine Journal." Each daily paper gives ship's news. See file of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

M. E. S. We place poem on the accepted list, and are glad to be reassured as to its perfect originality. Have written you.

JAS. W. B. Story unavailable and returned. Came to us underpaid in postage, but is returned according to request.

EDDY A. Appointments to army or navy are obtained only by personal influence with Congressmen or the President.

MISS BANNISTER. Learn the dressmaker's trade by all odds. Don't "clerk." A good dressmaker is a rare article, nowadays, in any village or town.

MISS BAYARD R. A "pure luster" diamond is one whose light is perfectly white. An "off color" diamond is one whose light is tinged with yellow, or whose luster is dull.

ENGINEER. Your trade is a most excellent one. Write to Van Nostrand, Scientific Books, Publishers, N. Y. There are several text-books on machine engineering.

G. M. J. The pound avoirdupois is greater than the pound Troy in the ratio of 175 to 144; but, in consequence of the difference in the weights of the two, the avoirdupois is smaller than the Troy ounce—its respective weights being 437½ and 480 grains.

CURLY, TROY. There are naval enlistment offices in all large seaport cities. Write to or apply at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. To enlist before the mast gives you a seaman's wages. The naval apprenticeship system is in vogue. Write to the Bureau of Naval Ordnance, New York, for information.

M. S. JAKE. THE SATURDAY JOURNAL is sent, post-paid, for two years, for five dollars.—Our modern chronology commences to date from Christ's birth, not his death. The "new style" dates from the time of Pope Gregory XIII. (1582), when the old Julian chronology having gained on actual time, was set backward ten days for full uniformity.

BRILL'S-EYE. Your case is a common one with boys of sixteen to twenty. The treatment is one of diet and hygiene rather than of medicine. Avoid greasy food; use no alcoholic liquor or beer; drink sparingly of coffee; keep perfectly regular hours in eating and sleeping; and bathe thoroughly once a week. This will, in time, make your skin clear and your blood pure.

G. B. B. The Roman Catholic church is steadily increasing in this country. About five-eighths of the foreign immigrants are of that religion, and purchase gold ink for cheaper than you can make it.—Several buildings in New York are ten stories in height, above ground, and two below. The sugar refineries all are very high structures, of necessity.

TEX. O. J. The Dent corn is not a success in the Eastern or colder States. There the Flint varieties prosper best, because they mature sooner.—The vineyard business is of the greatest importance for any degree of success very favorable conditions and great care in choice of varieties. The Delaware grape does poorly in New England. See Fuller's Grape Culturist for full information.

SPECIFIC. The average weight of a cubic inch of lead is 410-1000 of a pound, of wrought iron, 282-1000, of cast iron, 261-1000.

FIREMAN asks: "Is there any quick way to clean dirty brasswork? My engine has a great deal of work in muddy weather, and takes the hardest kind of work to clean the cylinders, etc." Finely-rubbed bicarbonate of potassa mixed with fine sand, and a little sulphuric acid, and an equal quantity of water, will clean the dirtiest brass very quickly.

CHARLEY. There are many complicated and empirical methods to find the cubic contents of casks, which you will find in any good work on mensuration. For ordinary purposes, a sufficiently correct method is to ascertain the mean diameter by a number of measurements taken at close intervals, and then treat the cask as if it were a cylinder with this (mean) diameter.

JEREMIAH DRYASDUST asks: "Who was the first inventor of the science of fish-culture?" The Chinese practiced it three thousand years ago, and a date of their practical knowledge of the art to 1837, when Mr. Shaw, of Scotland, propounded the theory in Blackwood's Magazine, under the title of "The Transmutation of salmon." Monsieur Gehen, of the Vosges, in France, was the first successful European fish-culturist, and Seth Green introduced it in America. It is now a successful branch of practical science.

PEEWEE. Snipes are birds of passage with us. They breed far to our north, and winter in the south. It is during the migration that they are shot, and thus they are always plentiful. Give a bird a chance to breed and get his growth and his increase will defy all your guns. Illinois and Indiana are the paradise of spring snipe-shooting. The birds get to Kentucky in March, and to Illinois in April. By May they are fat and lazy, and by June are gone. In the fall they come back in numbers, but not in such numbers. They are also wilder and thinner. The first stiff frost drives them south. Like woodcock, they bore for earthworms in the sloughs.

INQUIRER. The ratio of game in the Atlantic and Mississippi States is very different. The Mississippi basin, from end to end, is still full of all sorts of game. For every grouse, quail, duck, snipe, woodcock, deer, that breeds east of the Alleghenies, ten or twenty are found in the great Mississippi basin. There are two reasons for this: First, the soil is richer, and food more abundant. Second, the migratory birds, flying north and south, have a quiet nesting-place in British America, undisturbed by human beings.

AMELIA asks: "Can a dentist fill a tooth with anything as good as gold for all useful purposes?" The use of tin amalgams as a filling for the teeth was begun many years ago, but the practice never became general among dentists. This was due to early prejudices against the material, engendered by lack of knowledge and skill in its use. Its employment is, however, being now revived. When the decayed cavity in a tooth is properly excavated and filled with amalgam, it will preserve the tooth with certainty; while, in general, it looks better in the mouth than gold. It should never be forgotten that the tooth will

THERE IS ONE BALM.

BY EREN K. HENFORD.

Let me dream
Always when the day is done,
And the twilight is begun,
In the gloom I sit me down—
In the shadows gray and dun.
And I dream.

Oh! I dream
Of a peace so strange and deep,
That for joy I almost weep;
Oh, but rest like mine is sweet,
Only known in dreams and sleep.
Let me dream.

And I dream
Of dear voices, oh so sweet!
That my pulses faster beat,
And their tender cadences
Hearts and lips and thoughts repeat
O'er and o'er.

When I dream
I forget all care and rest,
Thrills the tumult of my breast;
Oh, such sweet and tender dreams!
Ah, to always dream were best!
Let me dream!

Incidental.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

"GIVE me a light, Pascal," said Case Minton to Mr. Beverly, as they sauntered out of Bretano's to join the throng of promenaders passing up Broadway.

"Certainly," and Beverly handed over his cigar. "By the way, Minton, what are you going to do with yourself now?"

"Up to my rooms, and some time to-night to the Academy."

"To the ball? Of course! But you've plenty of time; suppose you come over to the Everett, have a game of billiards, and dine with me?"

"Tres bien, for I have no particular objections to offer," and the gentlemen walked leisurely toward Seventeenth street.

"By Jove! it snows!" exclaimed Minton, as some feathery flakes came slowly down through the gathering dusk.

"It certainly does, and no mistake about it," said Pascal. "Well, the ladies never mind—Look out there, Case! Good heavens! but that was a narrow escape! That inside horse is running away. Jove! This corner seems to be fated for me. It will get me before a coroner's inquest yet!"

"Horrible! You have my sympathy that such a fear should even suggest itself to your mind. But as I am unhurt, what occasioned it?"

"Recollections of an accident I witnessed here once. I have never mentioned it to any one; but if you will remind me, and care to hear it, I will tell you of it at dinner. It cannot do any harm, now, for it was several years ago—on just such a night as this will be, too. Here we are! Shall we play for the honor of dancing first with Miss Collier?"

"With joy, my dear fellow." Not overlooking your skill as a billiardist, I have more chance of winning it in this than in any other way."

"Why, Case, I thought you were rather struck in that quarter."

"As if it would be of any use when I have a friend to contest against me for the prize," said Minton, taking a cue and making a play that had a morceau of spitefulness mixed with its science.

"Why, mon cher boy, you do not mean me?" exclaimed Beverly, with an astonished emphasis that was unmistakably genuine. "I have admired that lady since her *entree* last season, but only because she is the sensation and excessively pretty, just as I admire the little De Gray, and Helen Byone, and all rarely beautiful women. But as for fearing me as a rival—bless you! Minton, I'm not the least bit in the world a marrying man!"

There was no doubting the good-humored protest, and a brilliant carom shot on the part of Minton brought forgiveness to both gentlemen, for a time, of thoughts matrimonial.

"Good! accept my compliments and congratulations, Case. May the next game you win be the lady's hand for life instead of a dance." And the gentlemen ascended to the dining-room to discuss a dainty meal.

"Didn't you promise to regale me at dinner with a romance, Beverly?" asked Minton, across his partridge and claret.

"A romance? Not at all! only an incident! It was four years ago that it happened, and, as I remarked, upon just such a night as this. There was a ball at the Academy—the Leidenkranz, I think. Some business down-town delayed me until late, and then I walked up through the storm. Walt Edie was with me as far as Fourteenth street."

"What has become of Walt?"

"Married, and proprietor of the largest hotel in Rochester. I stumbled across him in my last summer's trip. A jolly nice wife he has, too. What was I saying about him? Oh—I was going on to Twenty-second street. The wind was blowing and the snow drifting like blazes; but the square was light enough for all that, with the glare of the calcimines, and as I was walking a few steps of the Seventeenth street crossing, I saw a coupe dashing across from Fourth avenue. I drew back just as it reached the corner, striking the frightened beast from the carriage. The driver, though thrown to the pavement, was unhurt, for he followed his horse in hot pursuit."

"Who was in the carriage?—fill my glass, Case—the most beautiful woman you ever set eyes on, old fellow; with such a look on her face as I shall never forget! I opened the door and she put out her hands—glowed they were, with lemon-tinted kids—to me like a little child appealing for protection, with white lips and no words. Her companion was a man, young and very handsome, and almost as girlish-looking as she, except that one would imagine his closed eyes—that had thick black lashes, and above them heavy, haughtily-arched brows—must be fierce and manly."

"Dead? No, only insensible. His head had struck against the door, and there was a purple mark across one temple, just where his hair lay in light rings. Think, Case, of his pale brown hair, with those jetty-black brows, and a mouth sweet as a woman's, and this!—her asking your question—only that one word, 'Dead!'—as if it were wrung from lips she had meant to be silent, and as I am a sane man, Minton, with an almost imperative demand in her voice for an answer—an affirmative!"

"I scarcely remember how I answered her. I was appalled. But when I mentioned a hotel, she cried, 'Not so!' as if horror-stricken. Then she begged that I would immediately secure a carriage."

"And you?" asked, for I had discovered by her hands, and bare arms, that the rich fur carriage-cloak in which she was wrapped, covered only a thin ball-dress; and the man still wore a black silk domino, his overcoat lying on the carriage floor—a blue mask studded with silver crescents fallen on it.

"I will stay here! For God's sake hasten!" she answered.

"Will you step in the carriage again, and—?" She understood that I would ask her to support his head, and drew back with a face bloodless and convulsed, and put her hands over her face as if to shut out even the thought. Then, just as suddenly, she stepped into the carriage, and, with averted eyes, allowed his head to lie on her lap, and signed me to hasten. The other side of the square was lined with carriages, and it was scarcely the work of minutes to arouse one of the drivers and guide him to the scene of the wreck.

"The man opened his eyes, but hardly consciously, as I lifted him in the cab, while she gave some order, which I could not hear, to the driver; then she stepped in by her companion."

"Can I do anything for you?" I asked. And she lifted the most exquisite violet—but horror-haunted—eyes to me.

"If you would save me from untold misery, maintain strict silence regarding to night, and bribe the other driver to the same." She placed a roll of bills in my hand, and the carriage dashed down Broadway.

"I suppose every man is a fool some time in his life, Minton, and I'll plead guilty to being one about that woman's face. I can see it now, just as I saw it then with the carriage door closed on it—that dreadful horror on it, white and proud, and framed with yellow hair glistening with the dry snowflakes, and—Good heavens!"

"What, Beverly?"

"I could have sworn that woman who passed out had just such a face. Did you see her?"

"Nonsense! no! Recollections of your handsome unknown have turned your head! Come, finish the story, Pascal. I'm immensely interested."

"There is nothing more to tell, except that I gave the driver a sum sufficient to repair damages and keep his mouth shut in case the affair was ever investigated. I only learned from him that the gentleman had engaged him to take them to some down-town ferry, the fellow had forgotten which, and instantly upon starting the horse had taken fright at something, and run up the avenue and across the square."

"And you have learned nothing since?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"And you suspect, what?"

"There you have me, my boy. I never have settled upon any satisfactory conclusions; probably never shall."

"Are you romantic enough to believe you will ever meet her again?"

"Absurd! no! And yet I can take oath that it would be no trial," laughed Pascal; and the gentlemen separated, to meet later at the Academy."

Case Minton, not slow in claiming the prize he had won the prior night, took over the game of billiards, had been on the floor with Eloise Collier and brought her back to her box on the front tier, when Pascal Beverly joined the party that had gathered about her. Pascal made known his presence by gently laying a fold of her fleecy opera-cloak over her bare, white neck.

"You are imprudent, Miss Collier. You are very warm still."

"You here at last, oh, tardy cavalier?" She smiled, and put up one daintily-gloved hand to welcome him. As she did so, the bracelet, a broad chain with a magnificent medallion set in diamonds and designed with pearls, caught in the spray of pale rose-blossoms that knotted her lace robe at the shoulder, unclasped and fell to the floor.

Minton recovered it, the medallion lying open upon his hand, revealing a portrait done in ivory. Miss Collier noted his admiring glance as she restored it.

"Exquisite, is it not?" she asked so softly that only Minton and Beverly heard, allowing the former to retain it a moment.

"Perfect, and pardon me, enough like you to be your sister."

Eloise flushed. "She was."

"And is dead?" How said?

"Perhaps she is not," Miss Collier faltered, almost in a whisper, and extended her arm for the bracelet.

"Miss Collier, pardon my thoughtlessness, I beg—," commenced Case, penitently, in real distress; but over Pascal Beverly's lips—as his eyes rested on the yet uncovered ivory—quivered an exclamation that interrupted him and startled the lady.

"Did you know her?" she questioned, breathlessly, a deep glow fluttering under her blonde skin, and a look of appeal gathering in the blue eyes that she raised to Pascal's face.

"Your sister? Impossible! It is my first knowledge that you had one. The face was very like one I knew," he answered, evasively, the look in the upturned eyes convincing him that they belonged to the sister of the woman whose violet ones had haunted him for years, but his first instinct loyalty to the unknown."

Minton read the evasion, and guessed vaguely at the truth. Miss Collier put her hand on Beverly's arm.

"I would like to dance this set; take me down," she said, quietly, and he led her from the box. On the passage she stopped him, firmly, pleading:

"Mr. Beverly, if you did know Gabrielle's face, be truthful with me. My mother is dying of grief because her fate is uncertain. Four years ago, while I was a girl in school, she eloped with a mere boy of a painter whom my father had forbidden her to marry. She wrote to father, not revealing her home, but imploring his pardon. We Colliers are very proud, and he returned it unanswered. But when he died, a year after, he left her his blessing, and bade mother seek her; which she has done, unavailingly. Can you give us any clue?"

"I cannot, Miss Collier, believe me. It would give me the greatest joy to help restore her to you, if I could."

Eloise sighed, and allowed him to lead her on. The dance ended, Beverly essaying to lead his partner through the crowd, felt a peculiar thrill pass over him, as if some magnetic gaze was riveted upon his face, and involuntarily glanced up to the circle of boxes. As his eye swept them, he noted one in which a woman sat alone, bending over her folded arms that rested on the parapet, her averted head coroneted by a mass of dead gold hair.

His heart beat hotly for a moment. Was it that this night had been so crowded with incidents centering around that four-year-old mystery that he imagined of this woman, as he had of one noiselessly leaving the Everett House dining-room, that she had the face which was hid in his heart and upon Eloise Collier's arm?

Madam, pardon my seeming impertinence, but let me beg of you to return to your box, and grant me a moment's interview, presently."

Pascal whispered the words imperatively to a woman passing him hastily toward the dressing-room, as he led Eloise back to Minton's care. A moment later he joined her. His look and words had willed her to acquiescence.

With blanched face she confronted him, motioned him to a seat, and extended both her hands in mute appeal and gratitude.

He took them in his, retained them firmly, as he said, low:

"Gabrielle Collier, is it not?" and without waiting for her surprise to find speech, "your mother and sister will welcome you with unbounded joy."

"And my father?" her lips syllabled for you."

"Take me to her," she said, with a glance across the amphitheater to where Eloise sat, with only Case Minton. And Beverly did.

In Mrs. Collier's handsome *salon* Pascal Beverly and Gabrielle Martinelli sat *en tete-a-tete*.

"Hear me first!" she says, rapidly, with flushed, drooped face. "When you know how I wronged one man, you may think me less worthy. You remember the night of the Leidenkranz? We were already married, Cyrille and I, and that night we were to flee South. He put me in the carriage, returned a moment to the vestibule, and then—oh, I cannot bear to see it!" She put up her hands in horror.

"Do not tell me, darling," Pascal whispered, imprisoning her hands, and striving to kiss the beautiful fair face.

"Yes; I must," she said, steadily. "I saw Cyrille come out with a man, evidently quarreling. I knew my husband by his mask. In a moment I saw him draw a dagger, make a swift motion, and his companion fell in the shadows at the side of the entrance-way. I think I was stunned for an instant. The next I knew Cyrille was with me, we were flying along madly, and then came the accident and you. Oh! for one awful moment, as he lay unconscious, how I wanted him dead—he—a murderer—my husband! When you said he was not dead, I knew my fate must be to shield my family from disgrace, and him, too, if I could. I destroyed his domino, that had a spot of blood on it, that he might not know I knew, or ever speak of the horror. But I hated him, and he saw it. I think he believed I regretted what I had done, and was pained and proud. So matters were for some months, until he suddenly left for England, in answer to advertisements that had appeared for him."

"One day, looking over a daily—I had avoided them heretofore—I read of a sentence of imprisonment pronounced upon a man for stabbing a friend, with intent to kill. The circumstances identified the crime with the one I witnessed that fearful night. Then I knew I had been deceived by the duplicated masks, and that the stain on Cyrille's domino had been got crossing the walk. I cannot tell whether the previous months, or the following, were more miserable."

"I immediately wrote him all, and received a tender letter of forgiveness, begging me to join him in England. I reached there to find myself a widow, and through Cyrille's will, heirless to the large estate he had been called there to claim."

She ceased, weary, and a certain suspense in her manner. In an instant it was dispelled. Pascal gathered her close in his arms.

"You expect me to blame you, darling, for a terrible mistake, and a bravery that few women would have shown? Never! I have only words wherewith to thank God that he brought you back to me."

"You loved me before, Pascal?" she questioned, in astonishment.

For answer he opened the locket he wore on his chain, and showed her against the satin background a thread of golden hair.

"I found it on my arm, where I had helped you from the carriage."

A few weeks later, Mrs. Gabrielle Martinelli became Pascal Beverly's wife. The same day Case Minton won for life the woman's hand he had played billiards for the night of the Academy ball.

The Rival Brothers:
OR,
THE WRONGED WIFE'S HATE.BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.CHAPTER IX.
A REVELATION.

AMONG the crowd collected round the prisongate there stood a woman dressed in shabby genteel mourning. Tall and slight, and youthful of form, as far as might be judged through the large black shawl she wore. A thick black crape veil hid her face, and was gathered close in one small gloved hand, as if she feared the wind might flutter it even for an instant aside.

Conway Hazelwood, moody and self-absorbed, had not seen her, but she had followed him from the house, walked after him stealthily to the prison, and stopping and mingling with the crowd when he stopped, had heeded his inquiry and his answer. She could see his face, though he could not discern hers, and she saw his stony and rigid whiteness turn to the livid and ghastly hue of death. There was a lamp-post near, and he grasped it, as if the earth was reeling under his feet.

"Are you sure?" he asked; and the man stared at him as he heard his hoarse voice, and saw the frightful change in his face.

"The jailer's a cousin of mine, and it was him that found him as dead as a herring, not fifteen minutes ago. Was he any relation of yours, sir?"

The young man did not answer. He turned with long strides and sought the main entrance to the prison, sure of admission and bent on learning the certainty of the ghastly news he had just heard.

The woman in mourning watched him out of sight, and then flitted away in the gathering gloom of the evening—a darker shadow among the shadows. She entered a stationer's shop and purchased pen, ink and paper.

"I have a letter to write before I go home," she said to the clerk, in a soft, sweet voice and the tone of a lady, "will you be kind enough to let me write it here?"

"Certainly, madam," the young man said, looking admiringly at the beautiful white hand on the counter, and from it curiously to the hidden face. "Step this way, if you please."

There was a desk in a distant corner, under the jets of gas. The lady seated herself at it and began to write, but to the deep disappointment of the polite shopkeeper, without ever raising the odious screen.

"Oh, hang the veil!" cried the clerk, inwardly. "Why don't she put the confounded thing up? It's all very well for old and ugly, and pockmarked females to wear 'em, but no woman with such a hand as she's got can be anything else than stunning. Last *Mercury*, ma'am—five cents, if you please."

The winding up of his soliloquy was addressed to a customer; and as he turned round after serving her, he saw the veiled lady descend from the desk with a note, folded and sealed, in her hand.

"I am much obliged to you, sir," said the sweet voice; "good evening."

The gas was lit in the streets as the woman in black rapidly retraced her steps. She stopped a moment to look at the gloomy prison as she went by. There was a throng about the gate still, discussing the frightful end of the tragedy; but she spoke to no one, and hurried on again, till she came to the lodgings of Conway Hazelwood. Her ring at the door-bell was answered by a tidy maid-servant.

"Mr. Hazelwood boards here?" she asked.

"Yes'm."

"Is he at home?"

"No'm."

"Will you please give him this letter as soon as he comes?"

"Yes'm; but hadn't you better step in and wait. He'll be in directly, and you mayn't see him again, because he's going to England in the steamer to-morrow."

"No," replied the soft voice behind the veil; "I do not wish to see him. Give him the letter as soon as he arrives. Good-night."

She was gone as she spoke—not a second too soon, if, as she said, she did not wish to meet Mr. Hazelwood; for scarcely had she turned the next corner, when his tall form and pale face confronted the girl like a ghost!

"A letter for you, sir," she said, presenting the document; "a lady in black, which she has just gone this minute, left it, and said it was to be given as soon as you come in. Will you come down to tea, sir, or will I fetch it up?"

"I do not wish any," he said, taking the letter, and passing up-stairs to his room without looking at it.

A lighted lamp stood on a littered table; but the whole room was in a litter, for that matter, with evident preparations for a journey. Opened trunks, half-packed valises, clothes, books, and all sorts of miscellany strewn over the carpet in a heap. Indifferently enough he glanced at the superscription of the letter as he paused before the lamp, but in that one glance all indifference vanished. It was dainty enough chirography, delicate but decided—writing that had character in it—but nothing one would think to make him start as if a ball had struck him. In an instant he had torn it open, and was literally devouring its contents.

His face altered so as he read that you would scarce have known it; it had been harder than marble, as cold, as rigid, as expressionless ever since that fatal morning on which he had found his bride dead and his brother guilty of that death. Through the trial, the sentence, it had retained its terrible calm; even the change that had come over it when he heard of that brother's horrible end, and later, when he had looked on the purple and distorted face of the suicide in his prison cell, was nothing to the ghastly change that came now. It dropped from his hand as he finished; and convulsed, like one in an epileptic fit, he sunk into the nearest chair, great beads of dark, cold sweat standing on his brow. It did not last long; these moments of mortal agony mercifully never do. A decanter of brandy stood on the table; he poured out a large glassful of the raw strong liquor, and drained it, as if it had been water. The crumpled letter lay at his feet; he picked it up, and with the same ghastly face read it over again. It was brief, but horrible enough to produce even a more awful result than it had done, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND:—As I have a strong inward conviction I am the only woman alive who now, or at any future time, will ever have any right to call you by that endearing name, I address you, notwithstanding your conduct of late has been rather unbecomingly cold and unkind. I do mean to reproach you, my dear Conway, but reflect on the feelings of a tender mother, whose offspring are torn from her maternal bosom, as mine have been, in the act of doing so. I have no right to ask you to desert me to starvation in the city streets; I will do you the justice that you left me free to choose and resolve for myself. I am a young, or rather, I was about to say fairer bride—but that would not be true—and 'truth ever lovely,' etc., has been my motto through life. Even my saintly endurance was not proof against this vast unkindness of you. I resolved, at all hazards, to save you from the shocking sin of bigamy, and forsaking my beloved mother in her old age, came to New York, and—revelled in it! How you ask? No matter. Your wife is a clever woman, as you long ago learned, my Conway, as she hopes to give you still more convincing proofs yet before she quits this dying world. Learn, though, oh, wise young judge, oh, second Cain! that Eugene Hazelwood was innocent of the crime for which he was tried and condemned. It was I who took in that memorable night down Broadway; it was I who administered the poisoned draught to the pretty bride; it was I who laid a snare into which, had you fallen, you might have stood in the criminal's dock in your father's place. It was I who did it all, and I glory in what I have done. More, Conway Hazelwood, I will hunt you down to your dying day. I will be your evil genius through life; and if the tales of preachers be true, at the judgment-seat, on the last day, I will be your deadliest accuser for the wrong you have done me. Your brother is dead by his own hand, but his blood cries aloud for vengeance on you. You depart to-morrow for foreign lands. Heaven speed you on your journey! Perhaps, after reading this, you may take it into your head to look for me. Well, my dear Conway, look for last winter's snow, for last summer's partridges, and when you have found them, then you may stand a chance of discovering your affectionate wife."

"ROSE HAZELWOOD."

It dropped from his paralyzed hand the second time, this terrible letter; and he sat staring straight before him, seeing nothing, but with every word he had read burning into his brain like fire. He never for a moment doubted its truth—he knew the writer of that letter too well—and his dead brother's blood was on his head.

"There was a knock at his door. How long he had sat, his eyes fixed in that unearthly glare, he could not tell—ages, it seemed to him; but at the knock, loudly repeated, he started up to a vivid consciousness of the outer world, and opened his door. It was his landlady, and the good woman recoiled with a scream at sight of him.

"Good gracious me, Mr. Hazelwood, what ever's the matter with you? You look as if you'd been dead and dug up again!"

He did not speak; he only stood looking down at her, waiting for what she had to say.

"It's a message, sir, from your father; a servant brought it, and has gone away again. He wants to see you before you leave; and if you like, sir, I'll pack up these here things against you come back—shall I?"

"Yes—what is the hour? I have let my watch run down."

"Just gone ten, sir, by the city hall. Will you be back to-night?"

"Yes."

His landlady looked at him curiously, his face and voice were so different from the face and voice of her lodger. The letter lay on the ground; he picked it up, folded it, put it in his pocket, put on his hat, and went out.

"Won't you take your overcoat, Mr. Hazelwood?"

wood?" his landlady cried, after him; but he never heard her question, and was out in the dark, chill night, walking, seeing, feeling like a man in a dreadful dream.

"I do believe his trouble, and the disgrace that has fallen on his family, have turned his brain, poor young gentleman!" the good woman thought, "and no wonder, I'm sure! Here's everything higgledy-piggledy over the floor; it will take me a good two hours to fix them; but no odds, he pays like a prince."

The shutters were closed, the blinds lowered, and there was crape on the door of the Hazelwood mansion. The stillness of death reigned within, and the servant who opened the door and led him up to his father's room stepped on tiptoe, and spoke below his breath.

"He has never lifted his head, or left his bedroom, or spoke a word, since he heard this evening about Mr. Eugene," the man whispered, "except to tell me to send for you. I'll go in ahead, sir, and let him know you've come."

Conway stood in the hall without, but the man was back directly.

"You're to go in, sir, he says; he is all alone."

The young man entered his father's chamber. Dimly lighted by a shaded lamp and a dying coal fire, that stricken father sat in a large easy-chair, his dressing-gown hanging loosely about him, his hands lying listless on his knees, his eyes fixed in a dull, dreamy stare on the red embers.

A few weeks ago he had been a strong, hale, upright old man, "frothy but kindly," now he sat bowed to the dust with sorrow and shame, looking twenty years older, at the least. He looked up pitiously at his elder son now.

"Oh, Conway," he cried, "is it true?"

"It is quite true."

He put one trembling hand up over his face, his whole form quivering. The young man stood leaning against the mantel and looking gloomily in the fire.

"You sent for me," he said, at last, looking at his father.

Mr. Hazelwood dropped the hand covering his face, and looked up.

"Yes, Conway—you are going away, and I will never see you again! Oh, Conway, my boy! my heart is broken!"

"And it is I who have done it!"

"You! No, Conway—you could scarcely have acted otherwise than you did, believing him guilty."

Conway lifted his hand to interpose:

"I believe it no longer! Eugene never murdered Helen Thornton!"

"Conway!"

"I am speaking the truth—don't look at it if you thought me mad. Eugene Hazelwood died an innocent man."

"My God! and you—you were his accuser!"

"I know it! his blood is on my head, and—on that of one other, a devil in human form. Yes, recoil from me, father, look on me with horror, for through me he perished. I have but one excuse to offer in palliation—I believed him guilty when I did it."

His father sat looking at him, his lips apart, his eyes distended, perfectly speechless.

"It is hardly two hours ago since I discovered the horrible mistake that has been made; how I discovered it, or who the real criminal is, I cannot tell. Suffice it to say, Eugene died guiltless of the crime of murder—more than I shall ever be able to say, for his death lies at my door."

Still Mr. Hazelwood did not speak, could not speak—he only sat, his face rigid in that white horror.

"I have come here to-night to tell you this, father," the deep, stern tones of Conway went on, "and to make still another revelation before I leave my native land forever. It concerns these children, infants left here so mysteriously on Christmas eve. Father, these children are mine."

There was a gasping cry from the old man in the chair, but Conway never took his gloomy eyes off the fire.

"The letter found with them spoke the truth; that letter was written by me. They are your grandchildren; I have been married

looking fifteen or thereabouts, with pretty, delicate features, a skin of snowy fairness, a profusion of flaxen hair, worn in a net; small, restless, light-blue eyes, shifting but keen, under eyebrows so light as to be scarcely worth mentioning. The young lady was dressed in deep mourning, its sable hues setting off her blonde beauty like a pearl incased in jet. Her book was "Corinne"; and so absorbed was she in its pages that she did not hear the garden gate open, nor the tread of a man's foot coming up the gravelled path. A sharp double-knock, like a postman's, at the open front door, startled her at last, and rising, she went out to the hall. A little dark thin man, wearing spectacles and a suit of dingy black, stood there, and the young lady opened her small blue eyes in astonishment at sight of him.

"Doctor Lance?"

The little man nodded grimly.

"You're Una, eh? I remember your face very well! How d'ye do? Anybody besides you in the house?"

"Aunt Emily has gone out somewhere, but she will be here in a moment. Please to walk in and sit down."

Doctor Lance promptly accepting Miss Forest's polite invitation, followed her into the pretty sitting-room, and ensconced himself in an arm-chair beside the window.

"So, you've all been in trouble since I left New York, eh? How long is it since your uncle died?"

Una produced a handkerchief, bordered an inch deep with black, and applied it to her eyes. "He died a fortnight after—after Eugene. He was found on the floor of his room that night in a fit, and never rose from his bed afterward." Una's voice was lost in a sob. Doctor Lance sat and eyed her like a stoic.

"He made a will, eh? Did he make a will?"

"Yes, sir—the day before he died."

"He died sure, then! Who'd have thought it?" said Dr. Lance, parenthetically, no way discomfited by Una's tears. "How did he leave his property?"

Una looked at him, rather at a loss how to answer. Dr. Lance put it more directly.

"Did he leave you anything, Miss Una?"

"Yes, sir—the sum of five thousand dollars when I come of age."

"He did, eh? Not bad, considering he was not a rich man. What did he leave Mrs. Wood?"

"An annuity for her lifetime, and this farm; both, with the addition of three thousand dollars, to become Hazel's at her mother's death."

"Very liberal, very! But Hazelwood always had his hand in his pocket for his poor relations, and a thankless set they were! All the rest goes to his two sons, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, sir. There were two other legacies, besides what was left to the old servants."

"Two other legacies, eh? For whom?"

Una dropped her pocket-handkerchief, and fixed her shifting blue eyes on the keen, dark face.

"Do you remember last Christmas eve, sir? You were at our house, you know, and saw the two children left in the hall?"

"Of course. You don't mean to say—"

"Yes, sir. Uncle left them five thousand dollars each, to be paid them on attaining their majority, and strict directions about their education; and you, sir, are appointed their guardian."

Doctor Lance never swore; he was an instructor of youth; but he looked at this last announcement as if he would like to. His dark brows knit portentously, and his thin lips puckered up.

"What did you say? Appointed me their guardian! I guardian over two little girls?"

"Over three, sir, for Hazel is included. Uncle wished to see you very much before he died, but you had gone to Cuba; and as we came here immediately after, Aunt Emily could not find out whether you had returned or not, and that is the reason you did not hear all this sooner."

Anything grimmer than Doctor Lance's face the sun never shone on. Una thought of pictures she had seen of South Sea idols, and made up her mind the austere little professor might have sat as a model for these works of art. He jumped up from his chair, thrust his hands behind him, and began an excited promenade up and down the carpet.

"It's the most preposterous thing I ever heard of, making me guardian to a parcel of flighty, silly, female fools—for I never knew a young girl yet who wasn't a fool—and the Hazelwoods the greatest fools of all! If I had been with Hugh Hazelwood, I should have positively refused it. The man must have been mad. Where were his own sons, young lady, that I had to be lugged into the matter?" demanded the professor, turning suddenly, not to say fiercely, on Miss Forest.

"Conway was away, sir, to Europe, and none knew his address. Arthur, you know, was out of the question."

"I should think so. No more brains than a baboon; but then brains never were a characteristic of the family. I thought Eugene, by some accident, had got a few, until he proved himself as great a nunny as the rest. Where are these confounded—I mean where are these children? If I am to be tormented by them for the rest of my life, it strikes me it is time I saw them!"

Una rose and looked out.

"They were in the garden, with their nurse, a short time ago, sir. Shall I go in search of them?"

Doctor Lance nodded shortly, and took a pinch of snuff. As Una crossed the hall, she met her aunt coming in.

"Doctor Lance is in the sitting-room, auntie, and in such a fume! You had better go in and talk to him; he has sent me after the children; and there they are, rolling about like little pigs in the dust of the road! Jane deserves to get her ears boxed!"

Rolling about the three little ones certainly were, in a cloud of dust in the middle of the road; that frocks, that had been of spotless white that morning, anything but white now; laughing, screaming, in the glee of childhood, and tumbling over each other, as Una said, like three little pigs.

"Pretty objects they'll be, for this amiable guardian to contemplate! Where can Jane be? Why—"

Una, leaning over the wooden gate, stopped suddenly at the sight that met her eyes. A tall willow, whose long branches trailed on the grass, was near the gate, and under its agreeable shade, Miss Janet sat, very much at her ease, and totally indifferent to the very existence of her obstreperous charges. Not alone, either; a queer figure sat beside her, holding her hand, and peering intently in her palm—the figure of an old woman, miserably clad, and ugly enough to be one of the witches in "Macbeth."

"Fortune-telling, eh?" said Una, catching Doctor Lance's sharp interrogative; "I have seen that hideous old woman lurking about here often within the last week, and she came begging to the kitchen door yesterday. Here, Jane!"

Jane started up with a very red and guilty face at sight of the young lady.

"Look at those children!" said Una. "Are they not nice objects, with mud and dust, by this time? You're a pretty nurse, and a fine hand to be trusted out of sight! I suppose this is the way they are always taken care of when they are sent out with you?"

"I can't help it," said Jane, rather sulkily.

"She'll roll in the dirt, in spite of all the nurses from here to Jericho."

Very well, we will see what her mother will say when I tell her you spend your time gadding with old witches, instead of minding your work. Take them into the room, and think yourself lucky if you are not discharged at the end of the month."

Jane, with a very sulky face, went over and dragged Mrs. Wood's offspring, with no gentle jerk, out of the dirt, while the old spawwife hobbled up to the gate and stood peering up in Miss Forest's face.

"Let me tell you your fortune, my pretty lady," she said, holding out her withered hand; "there must be something very good in the future for the owner of so handsome a face."

Una laughed a mocking little laugh.

"You can flatter better than you can speer fortunes, old lady, I fancy. Are your hands clean? No, then I guess I won't mind having my fortune told. Jane! I told you to take those children into the house."

As Jane went through the gate with her charges, one of whom—Miss Hazel—was kicking, and screaming, and plunging manfully to get free, Una saw her exchange a meaning glance with the old woman. The young lady read the glance aright; it said: "We have been interrupted, but I will come again; wait!" and the fortune-teller understood, and nodded assent.

"You had better not be loitering around here, old woman," said Una, sharply, turning after Jane into the house. "We don't want our servants' heads turned with your nonsense. Take my advice, and go somewhere else!"

Without waiting to see whether she were obeyed or not, Miss Forest went back to the house, and the old woman stood looking after the slight, Irish figure, with the flaxen hair and the mourning dress.

"Like the rest! like the rest!" she muttered. "Cold-blooded, cruel, and crafty! Ah! they're a bad lot—a bad lot, every one of these Hazelwoods, young and old!"

In the hall, Una met Jane, still fighting with Hazel, whose kicks and plunging were more violent than ever.

"Wash their faces and comb their hair, and put on clean dresses, and then fetch them into the sitting-room," were her orders. "There's a gentleman there wants to see them. Hazel, be good, and you shall have some cake and jam, by and by!"

Little Miss Wood, who was a great gourmand, loving cake and jam better than anything earthly, except mischief, looked up at this, vividly interested.

"Cake and jam! a whole lot, Cousin Una?"

"Yes, a whole lot, if you are a good girl, and let Jane wash and dress you, and behave pretty in the sitting-room. Now, go away."

Miss Hazel at once wilted down, and consented to be led off, while Una went toward the sitting-room. The sound of her own name caught her ear through the partly open door, and she stopped to—well, to listen. Mrs. Wood was speaking, with little tearful sniffs for punctuation-marks.

"Yes, Doctor Lance, as you say, it is a very queer will, leaving as much to these two foundlings as to his own flesh and blood; but then poor dear Hugh always was odd and romantic, and fond of reading novels, and I dare say he took his sentimental notions from them. Five thousand apiece he left them, and if either one dies before the other, the survivor gets her portion, too!"

"Melodramatic, very!" said the displeased tones of the little professor. "No man in his senses should have made such a will."

"And, if both die before attaining their majority, the ten thousand is to be divided equally between my Hazel and Una Forest. He left, besides, a letter, with half a dozen seals on it, for these twins, to be given them the day they are twenty-one, or should either one get married before that age, to be given her the day before the wedding."

"Melodramatic again! You have found out nothing more about those twins, I suppose?"

"Nothing at all; and do you know, Doctor Lance, ever since I heard the will, I have been thinking that perhaps the note we found with them told the truth, and that they really and truly were poor Hugh's grandchildren."

"I don't doubt it in the least," said Doctor Lance, with a sardonic snort; "never did, from the first. Any one with eyes in their head could see the Hazelwood pattern in those small faces! Well, my girl, where are the children?"

This last question was addressed to Una, who entered at the moment.

"Coming, sir; their nurse will fetch them in directly. Oh, there's the postman!"

There was a loud knock at the front door. Una ran out and returned with a single letter.

"It's for you, auntie, and in Arthur's writing! Something wonderful must have happened to make that lazy fellow write."

Something wonderful evidently had happened; for, as Mrs. Wood tore it open, and read it without ceremony, on the spot, she uttered a shrill scream of a tonishment.

"Good gracious, auntie! what is it?" cried the startled Una; "has anything befallen Arthur or—"

"Hold your tongue, Una, will you?"—exclaimed Mrs. Wood, in a high state of excitement—"until I read it again! It seems a great deal too good to be true!"

"Oh, it's not bad news, then," said Una, looking relieved, while Mrs. Wood read it eagerly again, with a face all aglow with surprise and delight.

"Well, I do declare; such a piece of good fortune never was heard of!" was her cry at the end of the second perusal. "Here, Doctor Lance, read it and see what he says."

Doctor Lance took the letter, adjusted his spectacles, and read it aloud.

"DEAR AUNT—There has just been a letter from England, addressed to my father, announcing the death of his cousin, Mark Hazelwood, of Hazelwood, County Essex. The letter comes from the family solicitor, inviting my father, as next of kin, to come and take possession of the estate, or, in case of his decease, his eldest son, or next heir. Conway being absent, and no news of his whereabouts, I start immediately for England to attend to matters, and try and discover Conway. I shall write to you from there. Yours, A. HAZELWOOD."

"And in case he does not find Conway, he is heir himself to one of the finest estates in the county," said Dr. Lance, folding the letter. "I don't think Mr. Arthur will be broken-hearted if his crack-skulled elder brother never turns up."

"I never heard of such a piece of luck in all my days," said Mrs. Wood. "I wish he would send for me to keep house for him. They say it's a beautiful place, and I always did want to visit old England."

"Conway is the heir, and after him his children," said Doctor Lance; "so, if these twins should actually happen to be—Oh, here they are!"

Jane entered with Miss Hazel Wood (happily-chosen name) and the Misses Rosamond and Evangeline Starr; all three with faces rosy and shining from the combined effects of good health and a recent severe application of soap and water.

Doctor Lance took very little notice of Hazel, but he bent his black brows and puckered up his lips in his peculiar way, as he looked keenly at the twins.

"The black eyes and curls, the fresh complexion, sanguine temperament and well-out features of Conway," he said, reflectively. "Madam, these little girls will one day be the heiresses of the Hazelwoods. There, nurse, you may take them away again!"

"I want the cake, Una! I sha'n't go without the cake!" cried out Hazel, as she was being led away; and Una followed to keep her promise.

Doctor Lance took his hat to go, when they left the room, declining Mrs. Wood's pressing invitation to stay for tea.

"I am going to New York by the five o'clock train, and must start for the depot at once. If I have time I will run down in the course of a few weeks to see how you and my wards—"

confound them!—are getting on. "Good day!" Mrs. Wood escorted him out of doors, watched him out of sight, and then went back to find Una and talk over the last wonderful event.

"What a romantic thing it would be, Una, if these twins should indeed turn out to be Conway's children, and after awhile come to inherit all his great estate! It would be like a story in a novel—wouldn't it now?"

Una shrugged her shoulders and smiled contemptuously.

"And such things only happen in novels, auntie! I dare say they belong to some washerwoman, who stole the fine clothes she sent them here in. There they are now, and Hazel's tearing their hair out in handfuls, while Jane's looking for—"

"For what?" said Mrs. Wood, looking out into the garden, where the nurse and her charges were disporting themselves in the sunshine.

"For what she won't find," said Una, turning to leave the room; "for an old woman I sent about her business! I must go and practice now, or my music-teacher will read me a lecture the next time she comes."

Una went down to the piano and commenced her practicing, dreaming not that Jane and the old woman were at that very moment in close and confidential confab; while Hazel Wood, all unheeded, was making the life of the twins a misery to them by her tormenting pranks. Three quarters of an hour after, while she was deep in the "Wedding March," a piercing shriek, and then another and another, from the garden, made her spring from the music-stool, aghast. A flying figure, with wild eyes and terror-stricken face, holding a child in each arm, tore up the gravel walk and into the hall, still screaming in wildest terror. It was Jane with Hazel and one of the twins, and both were echoing her frantic shrieks.

"For Heaven's sake, what is the matter?" Una cried. "Where's the other child?"

"Oh, Miss Una! she's gone! she's gone!" shrieked Jane; "she's lost forever!"

"Lost! What do you mean? Have you gone mad?"

"Oh, Miss Una! it was that old woman! Oh, what shall I do! Oh, Miss Una! the child's stolen!"

"Stolen! Whatever do you mean? Has that wretched old hag kidnapped—"

"Yes, Miss Una! she's kidnapped one of the twins, while I came up the back way to the house for some money to pay her! Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do!"

"It's Rosie, Rosie," piped the small voice of Hazel, "it's Rosie she took; and she wanted to take Evey, too, only she couldn't carry both."

Una stood still, a strange light in her eyes, a strange compression about her lips. Jane's cry still rang out while she twisted her hair as in after terror.

"Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do! Oh, Miss Una, whatever shall I do!"

Her cries had brought the rest of the household to the spot by this time, and Una spoke at last.

"Search must be made for the old wretch, at once, in every direction; crying and twisting your fingers won't mend matters now! And I hope," was the thought in her heart, "that it never will be mended! It's the very best thing that could have happened."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 257.)

Old Bull's-Eye,

THE LIGHTNING SHOT OF THE PLAINS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHASING AND CHASED.

MEANWHILE Carmela and Old Bull's-Eye had not been idle. They had hovered around the Cayugas took up their long trail, and then entered the ruins of the Hawks' Nest. It was a picture of dire desolation. Little heaps of ashes marked where the rude cabins had stood. A sickening scent of charred flesh hung heavily upon the morning air. Slowly they moved through the barrier, eagerly searching for what they dreaded to find. Scores of bodies lay around, but all so mangled and disfigured as to defy recognition; the bodies of men, women and children, but all of them once belonging to the outlaws' community. Near the center of the ruins was a huge pile of half-calced bones. It was here that the Cayugas had burned their dead comrades.

"It may be they were carried off captives," said Old Bull's-Eye, slowly. "I reckon we'll hev to foller 'em an' see."

Carmela made no reply, in words, but her actions spoke plainly. Wherever the scout chose to lead, she would follow.

Throughout that long, weary day, the strangely-matched scouts hung upon the rear of the Cayugas, using all possible precaution against discovery, riding along the trampled paths, where they covered their own footprints, which were thus lost among the multitude. As night fell, Old Bull's-Eye dismounted and covered by the reeds and grass, crept up near enough to reconnoiter the Indian camp. From their preparations he was satisfied that they intended to remain all night at the grove, and returned to where Carmela was waiting with the horses. While eating their scanty meal of cold roast meat, the scout made known his plans. They were simple. He would wait until the Cayugas were sleeping, then would enter the camp and endeavor to find out who were the captives. After that, he would act as circumstances dictated.

The reader is already aware of the result of his bold venture. He was discovered and narrowly escaped capture. But escape he did, thanks to the courage of Carmela, who had skillfully led the horses, after first muffling their hoofs, up to within fifty yards of the Cayugas' camp. Mounting, they dashed rapidly away, keeping to the beaten trail, the muffled hoofs of their animals leaving little or no signs of their passage. This was how the Indian scouts could discover no trail when morning came.

The two scouts rode back for several miles, dismounting first over the edge of a long prairie-swell, from the crest of which they could command a fair view of the trail clear to the grove of trees, and thus be enabled to easily avoid any pursuit that might be made.

Old Bull's-Eye was strangely subdued. He had told Carmela all that he had seen in the Cayuga camp, and she recognized her mother, Chiquita, in the woman who had uttered the scream that aroused the savages.

"You say she's your mother, little one?" he uttered, at length. "What kin you remember of your father?"

"Nothing—it does not seem as though I had ever had one. Years ago, when I used to ask mother about him, she would grow terribly angry, and beat me until I promised never to mention the subject again. At such times I was afraid of her. She looked and acted like an insane woman. And once she cursed both him and I, until I ran away and hid myself in terror."

"Did you ever hear her speak of a man named Walter Dugrand? Try and remember."

"No, I think not. But she and Red Hawk often spoke of one *Antone Barillo*. They taught me to hate that man, and made me swear eternal vengeance against him and his, upon the holy cross. And yet—I don't know—he did not seem like one who could have done any very great crime, and I am sure his daughter, Anita, was pure and true as the very angels above."

"This Antone Barillo—who and what was he?"

He went by the name of Juan de Sylva. He had a cattle rancho on the Arroyo Florez, and—"

"Did you ever see this before?" quietly asked Old Bull's-Eye.

He held up a diamond-hilted dagger and small bit of paper.

Carmela stared, open-eyed. Then she replied:

"Yes—it is mine. You found it at the rancho?"

"I did—in Juan de Sylva's chamber. You left it there?"

"Yes. Listen. I will tell you all, since we are friends now, and are working for the same end. She who calls herself my mother—"

"Who calls herself—and is she not?" eagerly.

"I don't believe she is"—slowly. "I do not feel toward her as one should toward a mother, nor does she treat me as a mother would. She curses me, at times—until I was strong enough to take my own part, she used to beat me cruelly. And then—my mother could not stoop so low as to be friendly with that ruffian, Jack Hawk."

"What is she to him?"

"I asked that once, and she said they were married," replied Carmela, her face flushing.

"But let that pass now. Chiquita sent me to the Rancho de Sylva. I was to find out, if possible, if the owner was our man. I went in disguise, and easily gained an entrance. That night, under pretense of telling my business at Santa Fe, I said I was on my way to that place. I told them the story Chiquita made me commit to memory. De Sylva seemed strangely agitated, and I believed he was indeed Antone Barillo. So I carried out the rest of my instructions. I stole into his chamber, when he was asleep. I held a rag saturated with chloroform over his face, and kept him from giving the alarm, though he retained his senses long enough to recognize me. That was what I wished. He would know then that the avenger was upon the trail. I pinned that paper to my dagger, and thrust it to the hilt in—"

"You killed him?" cried Old Bull's-Eye, fiercely.

"No, senor; I struck only the pillow beside his head. Chiquita said that he must die a living death—that he must know whose hand was punishing him. Then I stole out to meet Chiquita and tell her my duty was accomplished. But she had changed her plans. Red Hawk had returned unexpectedly, and they had agreed to sack the rancho. They succeeded, as you must know, since you found that dagger. I took charge of Lady Anita, and protected her from Jack Hawk. She believed that her father was dead—Chiquita led her to his bedside, where he lay cold and quiet, under the influence of the drug. Nor did she know that he was carried along with us, a captive, in a litter like the ones we used to transport our wounded on, for Chiquita kept him drugged all the time. I know that he was in the village when the Indians attacked us, but whether he was killed or carried away captive, you know as well as I, senor."

"If he's alive, I'll find him; if not—well, since this woman whom you say is called Chiquita, hated him so bitterly, she may be able to tell me what I wish to learn. Had you ever come some of the varmints—they're lookin' for the trail o' the one who tricked 'em so 'cutely last night, and I reckon we're smart enough to keep out o' thar way," chuckled Old Bull's-Eye, in the tone that seemed more natural to him.

The muffled hoofs had left no print plain enough to decide in which direction the animals had been traveling, and were easily overlooked among such a mass of hoofprints. The Cayugas were baffled, and finally hastened after the main body.

The strangely-matched couple followed, at a safe distance. It was not Old Bull's-Eye's desire to come up with them until they should have gone into camp for the night, as he must rely altogether upon cunning. Yet, despite his skill and caution, he rode blindly into a trap from which escape appeared impossible.

Seven Cayugas had strayed aside from the main trail, down a winding hollow, where they hoped to find a water hole. In returning, they caught sight of Old Bull's-Eye and Carmela, who were just topping the other swell, and hoping to effect a capture, the Indians caused their mustangs to lie down in the tall reeds. Unsuspecting the ambush, Old Bull's-Eye trotted on, following the broad trail, passing within two hundred yards of the crouching Indians. When they ran upon the top of the second rise, the Cayugas cautiously advanced, and then, now that the pale-faces were between two fires, charged at top speed, feeling confident that there could be no failure.

The rapid thud of the animals' hoofs was the first intimation Old Bull's-Eye had of danger, and glancing back, he saw the Cayugas just gaining the ridge, advancing at a swift run, brandishing their long spears, looking like very fiends.

"Come on," muttered the scout, between his teeth. "We must meet them on the level—they'd run right over us here."

Snow-squall darted forward like a flash, while the spunky little mustang of Carmela kept close beside him. A yell of wild exultation burst from the Cayugas as they saw the pale-faces racing swiftly on toward the main body. But Old Bull's-Eye smiled grimly. He knew what he was about. He knew the advantage of charging down hill.

"Now we'll turn on 'em," he said, to Carmela, as a swift backward glance showed him the Cayugas just beginning the long ascent. "You leave 'em to me. Jest watch your critter an' see that he don't stumble."

Carmela made no reply, but her face glowed with enthusiasm and her eyes sparkled and snapped as this man spoke so coolly of charging seven fully-armed foemen. A coward would have been a hero with such a man for a leader.

Snow-squall wheeled as upon a pivot, and then dashed like a thunderbolt upon the astonished Cayugas. Old Bull's-Eye touched the reins. A cocked revolver filled each hand. A stern fire filled his eyes. He seemed more than human as he charged the foe, sitting his noble steed like a centaur.

Crack—crack went the pistols. Surprised by this sudden and unexpected move, the Cayugas checked their ponies. It was a foolish act, and met its fit meed. The big stallion hurled them aside, knocking over horse and rider as though they had been toys. And before he had time to secure a second aim, Old Bull's-Eye found himself beyond the enemy. But his shrill, taunting laugh was changed to a furious curse of rage as he heard a half-stifled shriek from behind. Carmela no longer rode beside him!

The charge had been so swift that the Cayugas hardly had time to level their lances. But one of them was buried past the flint head in the chest of the mustang ridden by Carmela. Active as a cat, she alighted upon her feet, clear of the wounded animal, but her foot slipped and she fell. One of the Cayugas, who still retained his seat, now leveled his spear and charged at the maiden, who, having no time to arise, flung up her arm and fired. Death-stricken, the savage fell forward, his spear pinning Carmela to the ground, just grazing her side as she lay. It was as the mustang leaped over her, unseating its dying rider, that Carmela uttered the shriek.

Like a human meteor, Old Bull's-Eye thundered up the hill, his revolver speaking at every mighty leap made by Snow-squall, but something seemed to have unsteered his hand, and nearly all of the bullets sped wide.

"A little Cayuga, one of those who had been dismounted, drew his stone hatchet and sprang to where Carmela lay. But the stroke was never delivered. For the second time Carmela fired, and again death claimed its victim."

And the next moment Snow-squall carried his master to the spot. Bending low, the scout grasped Carmela by the arm, and raised her before him by main strength, the long lance-shaft slipping through the hole cut in her tunic.

All this occurred far more rapidly than the details can be read. Four of the Cayugas lay dead or dying. Another lay helpless beneath the body of his crippled mustang. The other two were dismounted, and seemed utterly bewildered.

But from beyond the ridge there came the sound of loud yells, mingled with the rapid tramping of many hoofs. And Old Bull's-Eye knew that other enemies were swiftly approaching. Cumbered as he was with the maiden in his arms, he knew that it would be worse than useless to attempt the capture of one of the riderless horses that scampered around. The fresh savages would be upon him before he could do this, and besides, the two Cayugas were barely straggling their bows. There was only one course. He must trust to Snow-squall to carry them both out of peril.

"He can't stand such a strain long," said Carmela, anxiously.

"Long enough to fool them. But 'tis not that that I am most afraid of now," was the uneasy reply. "Do you notice nothing unusual? Is not your throat sore?"

"Yes—but I am very thirsty—that is the reason!"

"If it was—but I fear there's worse behind. Look back—that red light is more than the setting of the sun. The prairie is on fire!" slowly replied Old Bull's-Eye.

CHAPTER XV. A TERRIBLE RIDE.

The prairie is on fire!

How much is contained in that brief sentence! The cry of fire, at sea, is scarcely more terrible.

The lurid glow against the western horizon was rising higher and spreading upon both sides. The air was more densely laden with smoke, acrid and pungent.

"Can't we fight fire with fire?" asked Carmela, eagerly.

"Listen," replied Old Bull's-Eye, momentarily checking Snow-squall. "You hear that sound? Those cursed Cayugas are still following at our heels. If we were to stop and kindle a fire, they would be upon us in a minute. No, that would be sure death—our only chance is to keep on and try to make cover before the fire can reach us. If poor Snow-squall was only fresh—"

"Is there any cover near, sufficient to check the fire?"

"I can't tell, little one. This is a new part of the country to me. We are going it blind, just now. All we can do is to hope for the best," said Old Bull's-Eye, as he spoke encouragingly to the gray stallion, who again resumed his headlong flight.

Night had fairly settled over the earth. The stars shone dimly, as through a hazy veil, yet emitting light enough to enable Old Bull's-Eye to distinguish the Cayugas, as they crossed a swell not half a mile to the rear. He saw that, though riding nearly abreast, the savages were spread out upon either hand, as though to guard against the fugitives doubling. Though they must have discovered the peril that was swiftly following them, the desert warriors had evidently resolved not to be balked in their revenge.

Scowling darkly, Old Bull's-Eye veered abruptly to the right hand, just after crossing the swell, and dashed swiftly down the long slope, diagonally, hoping by this move to deceive the Indians long enough to allow him to start a fire in their rear. But this hope was foiled. A warning yell from one of the flank riders, and the Cayugas pressed hotly after their victims.

Uneasily Old Bull's-Eye peered ahead. But he could distinguish no signs of cover. As far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but a dreary waste of weeds. The prairie swells, too, were growing less high and further separated. And before another mile was run, they disappeared altogether. The prairie was level as a barn floor as far as the aching eye could reach.

It was a curious situation. The doubly-burdened Snow-squall lying along with indomitable energy. Behind them, distinctly visible by the dull, yet lurid light that seemed to be reflected from the heavens, urging on their jaded ponies with voice and rawhide lasso, thundered the relentless Cayugas. In their rear, far away, running the dark limit of the vast prairie, were thousands upon thousands of wild animals, rushing blindly along in a mad stampede. And still further to the rear, came the terrible prairie fire.

For full an hour this strange race was continued, Snow-squall nobly maintaining his lead of the Cayugas. But Old Bull's-Eye knew that it could not last long. There was a limit even to his marvelous endurance. And then—death in three different shapes was threatening.

The distant and muffled sound from the rear gradually increased in volume, until the earth fairly trembled beneath the feet of the fugitives. The atmosphere grew more oppressive and heavy. The lurid glow deepened. A backward glance revealed the line of flame that seemed consuming the horizon.

A strong puff of wind carried a new sound to the ears of the two pale-faces; a distant bellowing—the combined voices of countless animals maddened by terror.

"There is only one hope for us," said Old Bull's-Eye, "and that is a slim one. Are you willing to try it?"

"Do whatever you think best. I have all confidence in you," was the earnest reply; and Carmela did not turn aside her face as the old man bowed his head and pressed his lips to hers.

"Hold fast to me, then. I must have both hands free."

Until now he had held Carmela before him, just as he had snatched her up from the ground. Checking Snow-squall, he swung the maiden around behind him, where she was soon firmly seated, clinging to his belt. While thus occupied, the Cayugas were rapidly advancing, yelling triumphantly, believing that some accident had occurred, through which they would yet secure the coveted scalps in time to avoid the threatening peril behind.

Drawing his revolvers, Old Bull's-Eye urged Snow-squall directly toward the Cayugas, yelling loudly, opening fire the instant he was within range. The savages were taken by surprise, and though they plied their bows and arrows, it was with anything but a certain aim. Two of their number fell, dead or disabled, and then the gray stallion dashed past them, before they could collect their scattered line into anything like a compact body.

As yet untouched by the arrows, Old Bull's-Eye dashed on, directly toward the thundering mass of animals, as though intent upon committing suicide. For a few hundred yards the Cayugas followed, plying their bows swiftly, but then their nerve failed, and they wheeled to resume their flight. Even with the start they now had, they doubted whether their jaded ponies could hold their own with the stampeding animals behind, until secure cover was reached—a dense grove of trees or some obstacle sufficient to turn aside the fleeing mass.

Almost immediately Snow-squall was following them. Old Bull's-Eye replaced his revolvers and prepared for the next act. He tore off his woolen tunic and then cut a large piece from his undershirt of cotton cloth. Doubling this, and pressing it into the hollow of his hand, he poured a lot of powder into the cup-like hollow, adding to this a little whiskey from the leathern flask that hung at his saddle-bow. Handing this to Carmela, he produced a piece of tinder.

While thus occupied, the fleetest game of all kinds were passing them. Deer, wolves, and an occasional jaguar, bounded past them, in company, thinking only of escape from the double death behind. Here an antelope was beside a huge elk; a wild mustang kept close company with a huge buffalo bull. Further

in the rear came a countless herd of buffalo, their terrified bellowings sounding louder and louder, mingled with terrific howls and shrill screams, while the beating of their hoofs sounded like distant thunder, causing the very earth to quake and tremble.

Old Bull's-Eye flashed a charge of powder over the tinder, and soon had it glowing brightly, then he snatched the prepared rag from Carmela, and checked Snow-squall.

"Hold him firm—if he runs away now, you are doomed!" he shouted, to Carmela.

Her reply was drowned by the thunder of the oncoming herd. Old Bull's-Eye united the tinder and rag, swinging them swiftly around his head. A little explosion—a sharp, fizzing sound, and then he cast the glowing bundle to the ground, piling weeds and grass upon it. A column of flame shot up, blazing freely. Then, caught by the wind, the fire spread rapidly. But would it be sufficient to turn the terrified mass of animals? The prospect seemed dubious.

Old Bull's-Eye shouted and screamed until it seemed as though he would split his throat, emptying his rifle and pistols in rapid succession full in the faces of the oncoming herd. But the surging mass, bellowing, roaring, swept on with the resistless force of a mighty hurricane; buffaloes, wild horses and elk all mixed together, forming an immense array, miles in length, miles in depth. On they came, until their horns, their lolling tongues and even glaring eye-balls could be distinguished by the two beings who still firmly held their ground, knowing how hopeless any attempt of flight would be.

On they came, the foremost giving vent to loud bellows of terror as they neared the rapidly spreading flame, but unwilling or unable to turn aside. Death seemed inevitable—a horrible doom—to be beaten down and trampled to death beneath those countless thousands of hoofs.

Carmela uttered a scream of horror, and covered her eyes with her hands. At that moment came a loud report, and a dazzling blue flame shot up high into the air. Snow-squall snorted loudly, and would have fled, had not the strong hands of Old Bull's-Eye grasped the bridle.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, shrilly. "We're saved—we're saved, little one! Give me your pistols, and we're all right."

Carmela could scarce believe her eyes, as she glanced up. The immense herd had divided, and was now thundering along upon each hand. The fire still burned with a vivid bluish flame. By a happy thought, Old Bull's-Eye had flung his leathern flask of whiskey upon the fire. It had exploded, sending a blinding column of flame high into the air. Terrified, the animals swerved to each side, throwing down and trampling over hundreds of their fellows. And now the two scouts were in the very midst of the drove, with less than twenty yards of clear space on either side.

To keep this space, was now Old Bull's-Eye's only thought, for were the animals to close up, naught could save them. Taking Carmela's pistols, bidding her reload his weapons, with all haste, he opened fire upon the animals. The reports were deafened by the thundering of hoofs, but the sharp flashes did their duty well. The fire started by Old Bull's-Eye had been trampled out by the millions of hoofs, save just at Snow-squall's feet, which the hunter managed to keep blazing by casting weeds upon it, during the intervals of firing.

And thus for nearly an hour—a lifetime of terrible suspense—they stood comparatively helpless, surrounded by death. Nor was it alone the trampling, thundering hoofs that they had to fear. With every moment the heat was increasing—the sea of fire rolling nearer. The roaring and crackling of the flames could already be distinguished, even above the horrible tumult—above the wild bellowing, the agonized screams of the helpless animals that, exhausted, sunk down to be licked up by the devouring flames, leaving, perhaps, a few calcined bones to mark the spot.

The heat was terrible—like the fiery breath of some huge furnace. The two friends gasped for breath. Their brains throbbed as though they would burst. Their garments shriveled and charred. Their hair crisped and curled, their skin seemed to blister.

But then the mass of animals grew perceptibly thinner, and Old Bull's-Eye, though knowing there was danger of being crushed by the mad brutes, mounted Snow-squall and dashed along with the crowd. The gray stallion had recovered his wind, in a measure, and urged on by terror, could easily have outstripped the rearmost animals, only for the dense mass in front. And then followed another terrible ride.

It was a maddening scene. Before, behind, upon every side were thousands upon thousands of animals straining every muscle in the endeavor to escape the relentless fire-fiend that pressed them close. With every instant some of the lot gave out and sunk to the ground, screaming, bellowing, snarling and wailing in excess of terror—ceasing only when swallowed up by the rolling mass of flames. 'Twas a picture that defies the pen, that utterly beggars description.

On, on, for what seemed a lifetime, the routing herd in front, the fire behind—and the distance between growing momentarily less. Oh! for a clear field—for a chance to test brave Snow-squall's power—and not to be thus penned up, obliged to measure their speed by that of the clumsy brute wedged so closely together. To the over-wrought imagination of the riders, the gray stallion was forced to creep. And the fire crept nearer and nearer, until its fiery fingers seemed to dart out and quiver exultingly above the heads of the fugitives.

The riders were nearly insensible, from combined heat and suffocation. They heard not—or if it smote their ears, was unheeded—a peculiar sound from in front—a dull, roaring sound that shook the earth. And then, with a wild snort, Snow-squall fell.

A shrill, piercing shriek—then all was dark.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 255.)

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Injun Dick:

OR,

THE DEATH SHOT OF SHASTA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "KENTUCK,
THE SPORT," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB,"
"WOLF DEMON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII. THE MEDICAL MAN.

"Dead?" cried Cherokee, in amazement.

"Dead?" re-echoed the crowd, in wonder, and then, actuated by a common impulse, all of them sprang forward to look at the fallen man.

"Yes sir-ee, dead!" cried the keeper of the jail, who had been one of the first to examine the prisoner.

The crowd looked at each other, astonished.

"Send for a doctor!" cried the Clear-grit Sharp, kneeling by the side of the unfortunate Englishman.

"Hyer yer are, sport!" exclaimed the jailer, and he beckoned to one of the paroled prisoners.

"Say, Doc, just take a squint at this cuss!"

The prisoner, addressed as "Doc," was a tall, good-looking fellow, with a thin face and a straggling, grayish, yellow beard.

Doc was pretty well known to the miners of Northern California as being one of the most unprincipled scamps that had ever escaped the rope of the hangman. A citizen of the world, Doc believed in the Agrarian system—the equal distribution of property—and, therefore, helped himself, without any scruples, to anything that he fancied. It was currently reported, and as generally believed, that the slender man of medicine had stolen more horses than any other two rogues, unhung, in the whole entire North, and, being possessed of an unusual amount of dexterity, he generally contrived to get off with very light punishments.

His present sojourn in the precincts of the calaboose was owing to a little adventure that he had with a young "pilgrim," just outside the limits of the town. The Doc, being broke, had kindly volunteered to relieve the innocent youth of the trouble of looking after his valuables, and when the pilgrim had naturally objected to this proceeding, the Doc kindly argued the case with him by means of a seven-gauge shot, and the result was that in just about a minute the young stranger was fully converted to the Agrarian belief and "shelled" out his plunder with a rapidity that delighted the heart of the "great medicine man," as the Doc was sometimes termed. But, when the youth reached the town, after his brief interview with the leading light of the "new dispensation," he repeated of his action, and forthwith set the blood-hounds of the law upon the track of the potent professor. And the result of this proceeding was, that the Doc, who was enjoying himself with a few congenial spirits at a "shebang," popularly known as the Break o' Day saloon, and reputed to produce more fights to the quart than any other first-class resort in town, was unceremoniously laid by the heels and dragged off to the calaboose. To the credit of the Doc's friends, and not to detract from the reputation of the Break o' Day, it must be stated that the capture was not effected without the tallest kind of a shindy, and that the satellites of the law, upon their return with their prisoner, were able to show as nice an assortment of black eyes and bloody noses as the lively town of Cinnabar had ever seen.

The doctor, who was in reality a graduate of one of the most celebrated medical colleges in England, and possessed of no mean skill in the healing art, knelt down by the side of the prostrate man and commenced to examine him.

"Now stand back thar, gents!" exclaimed the jailer, rather proud that the services of one of his "flock" had been needed. "Jest gin us room."

"The man is dead, sure enough," said Doc.

"Killed by the blow?" asked the Clear-grit Sharp, eagerly.

It was evident that he desired to make capital against Cherokee.

"What of he was?" growled The-man-from-Red-Dog, savagely. "It were a fair fight an' the man who sez it wasn't a yellow monkey and a boss-thief!"

"The blow was not sufficient to kill the man," Doc said, decidedly. "It is my impression that he was suffering from heart disease, and that the exertion and excitement of the contest had more to do with his death than anything else. I judge from what I know of the man that he has trained a good deal in his young days, and it is a well-known fact, that severe training tends to weaken the system and renders it liable to yield—to snap, as it were—all of a sudden."

"Well, I reckon that something ought to be done about the affair," Brown said, sulkily.

"This hyer man is dead, and that man killed him." The Clear-grit Sharp pointed to Cherokee as he spoke.

"It were in a fair fight!" yelled Dandy Jim, indignantly. "I'd like to know what this hyer State of California is a-comin' to if two gentlemen can't settle a difficulty without having other people putting their jaw in!"

"The man is dead an' he's kilt, so he is!" Shannon exclaimed.

"Caramba, it is no better than murder!" the Mexican cried.

"Thar ought to be a trial, anyway!" Yuba declared.

"Oh, fellow-citizens, air we a-goin' to stand tamely by and see a poor galoot slowed in this hyer barbarous way?" Joe Bowers exclaimed, pathetically.

The "army" were prompt to follow the "lead" of their commander.

"It was an accident!" protested Sandy Rocks.

"Certainly, an accident!" the postmaster chimed in.

"Clearly an accident—one that could not be foreseen," Judge Candy exclaimed.

"It was an accident, and the man that says it isn't, is a mule-headed gopher, an' I kin flax him clear out of his boots inside of two minutes. Say, some of you fellers over thar, just come and slap me in the face, won't you?" pled The-man-from-Red-Dog.

Not one of the "army" seemed inclined to accept the invitation of the red-shirted giant. Cherokee now spoke.

"Gentlemen, I reckon that I can always be found if anybody wants me, bad, and as to this affair, I think that you all understand the quarrel was forced on me."

"He wanted to take his hash!" interrupted Dandy Jim, in a loud voice; "the hash of a free American citizen—"

"Oh, simmer down!" cried a voice apparently coming from behind The-man-from-Red-Dog.

Dandy Jim turned, blazing with indignation, but to his astonishment, discovered that there wasn't anybody in the rear of him. The Red

Dogite was no fool, and he understood at once that some one was playing ventriloquist tricks upon him.

"If that cuss who kin sling his voice so handy will jest step out and own it, I'll bet him ten dollars that he won't do so no more!" The-man-from-Red-Dog remarked.

The humorous gentleman, who was no other than the original Joe Bowers, did not deem it wise to accept the invitation.

After this interruption, Cherokee went on in his speech.

"As I was going to say, gentlemen, I am willing to accept any responsibility that may attach to my share in this matter. This man forced the quarrel upon me, but if I am not perfectly justified in acting as I have done, I am ready to answer for it. I sha'n't run away, and, for that matter, I am ready now to surrender myself to any officer that may be present."

All looked at the jailer, but he shook his head.

"Tain't my fry, gent'l'men," he admitted; "tain't my business to make any arrests."

"I stand ready to go bail for this gent hyer, if any man in the crowd will lend me the money!" and The-man-from-Red-Dog stepped forward, proudly.

"I'll take charge of the prisoner until a proper officer comes," the Clear-grit Sharp said, advancing.

"Not much," Cherokee responded, tersely; "I don't surrender to you."

"No, no; of course not," exclaimed Candy and his crowd.

And the end of it was, Cherokee proceeded to the Occidental, where the sheriff, twenty minutes after, arrested him, and as this was only a mere form, bail being immediately given, Cherokee was not for a single instant restrained of his liberty. Of course, he did not stand in the slightest danger from the result of the contest.

CHAPTER XLIV. BROWN'S EXPERIMENT.

In the cave of tin. Clear-grit lode, a gloomy party were assembled.

There was Brown, the chief demon of the gang, Yuba, the gentle William Velarde, the Mexican, Shannon, the Irishman, and the redoubtable Joseph Bowers.

From the scene of the encounter behind the jail, the "army" and their commander had proceeded directly to their headquarters.

"Well, boys, we're one less now," observed Brown, looking around upon the faces of his associates.

"Worse luck!" Bowers remarked.

"Mebbe this man can't be killed," the Clear-grit Sharp suggested.

"And why not?" demanded the Mexican.

"Caramba, one swallow does not make a summer, nor does one escape make a whole lifetime secure. The Englishman was a bull-head. We know how to manage such affairs better in Mexico."

"Maybe it's striking him in the back you mane?" Shannon queried. "Shure Bill was after him night and day and never got the last taste of a chance."

The lips of the Mexican curled in contempt, as he replied:

"A man must go like a snake, not like a horse."

"Perhaps you think you could accomplish the little job," observed Brown.

"Double the money and I'll do it," Velarde answered, very promptly.

"It is a bargain," the Clear-grit Sharp said, after considering upon the proposal for a moment.

"That is, if it is no one objects," and he looked round upon the gang.

"I'll sell out my share in the thing, cheap," Bowers observed, a grin upon his fat face.

"I don't hanker arter any trouble with that cuss."

The look upon the faces of the other two plainly showed that they fully agreed with the bummer.

"Then you can consider the bargain settled," Brown said, addressing the Mexican.

"It is understood; double the original amount shall be paid to you if you succeed in the job."

"He is dead and buried!" answered the Mexican, with true Spanish bravado.

"I reckon that he's kinder lively for a man that has been 'planted,'" muttered Bowers, in an undertone.

Evidently he did not believe the long-haired Cherokee in any great peril.

The conclusion reached, the gang separated, Yuba to return to his old quarters in the calaboose, while Velarde, Bowers and Shannon started for the Occidental, leaving the Clear-grit Sharp in possession of the cave. But the three who were together had not proceeded over a hundred feet when Brown called out for the bummer to return, as he wanted to speak to him.

There was a suspicious look upon the fat face of the vagabond as he parted with his comrades and started back to the cave.

In a careless way, Bowers thrust his hand inside his ragged coat, taking advantage of the fact that Brown had turned his back to him. The dark figure of the Clear-grit Sharp could be plainly seen, and a sullen, peculiar look came over the face of the bummer. His hand was still thrust into the breast of his coat, and he cast a rapid glance around as if to ascertain the position of the two men whose company he had just quitted.

They were only a little way off, and their dark figures could be easily discerned.

Bowers shook his head.

"They are too near," he muttered; "sides, I ain't sure now; I've drank so much whiskey that my hand is shaky. I might, and then ag'in I moughtn't. I'd better not risk it. Let him run for awhile. Mebbe this long-haired feller will do my work for me. P'hap' he'll drop onto me!" and his face assumed an anxious look as this thought came into his mind.

"But, it ain't likely."

By the time the vagabond had arrived at this conclusion, he was at the door of the cave. Entering with the usual beaming smile upon his face, he found Brown seated by the table in the center of the little apartment.

"Sit down," said the Sharp, and then he produced a bottle and a couple of tin cups from under the table. "Have a drink?"

It is a fact not to be denied that the veteran, Joe Bowers, had never been known to decline an invitation to imbibe.

"Well, I don't very often indulge, my lord dook!" observed Mr. Bowers, modestly, seating himself as he spoke, "but when I do drink, it is generally about this time," and then he grinned at his own well-worn joke.

"Help yourself," observed Brown, tersely, passing the bottle over to Bowers.

"Few words but a heap of sense," Bowers remarked, as he obeyed the injunction.

"Luck!" said Brown, laconically, draining his cup.

"Gobs of it!" was Mr. Bowers' polite response.

"I wanted to have a leetle talk with you; you're a man of sense," Brown began.

"I hev seen a thing or two," Bowers replied, with becoming modesty.

"Take another horn!" The host shoved the bottle over, and the bummer proceeded with cheerful haste to comply.

"Do you think thar's an opening in the city for a first-class place, liquors and a leetle fargo?"

"Big!" responded Bowers.

"Go for it ag'in," and Brown pushed the bottle nearer Bowers.

The bummer's eyes, for an instant, flashed with a quick intelligence; he now understood the game of the wily sharp, who was throwing away whisky worth, at the lowest estimate, ten dollars a gallon. Bowers comprehended that the sagacious Mr. Brown wanted him to talk, and thought that by filling the old toper with whisky the end might be accomplished.

But Brown, with all his craft, was not aware of two things: first, that the bummer had drank so much vile liquor, that it took about a quart of the strongest whisky to affect him in the least; and second, that, no matter how unsteady he might get in the legs, all the liquor in the world would not affect his brain a particle.

"You think it would pay?" Brown questioned.

"Splendid! Corral all the dust in town—a first-class shebang," the bummer replied, his tongue seeming to get thick.

"I shall want a good man to run the bar," Brown intimated.

"I'm yer man!" cried Bowers, helping himself from the bottle, this time without invitation.

"I kin stand on my head and sell more liquor than any four-legged man in Montana!" Then Mr. Bowers took still another drink.

"You've had experience in keeping bar, eh?"

"Practiced more at the bar than any lawyer in the State, ole pard!" vociferated Joe, now apparently very much under the influence of the liquor.

"Let me see, didn't you used to keep a saloon in Harrodsburg?" asked Brown, quietly.

"Har—Harrods what?" muttered Bowers, swaying very unsteadily in his chair.

"Harrodsburg, Kentucky."

"Kentucky—bully whisky—Kentucky!" murmured Bowers, seemingly about to go to sleep.

"Yes, you used to live at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, didn't you? your name is—"

"Bowers—ole Joe Bowers."

"Yes, but at Harrodsburg—"

"Never thar—all my life."

"You told me you were."

"Lied, ole pard," and with this candid confession Bowers tumbled to the ground, and curling himself up, went asleep, while the baffled Mr. Brown surveyed him with intense disgust.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 245.)

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CROSS-EYED BILL.

A Nevada Obituary.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

In estimation of his friends
But very few stood taller.
Just six feet five, and every inch
A gentleman and scholar.

He had a heart exceeding warm.
That scorned all outward fudges;
He always paid his honest debts—
His honest debts and grudges.

The finer feelings of his soul
Could never well be frozen;
He always said, "I am a man,
And drank like half a dozen."

He always wore a genial smile,
A smile that was quite glowy;
And every one became his friend—
Where'er he drew his bowie.

His dealings with his fellow-men
Were all in friendly feeling;
He dealt with every man alike,
And ever turned trumps in dealing.

For each appeal for charity
He had a golden answer;
He never refused a friendly "call,"
And never missed his man, sir.

The riches of this world to him
Were naught but filthy lucre;
He got the little that he had
From seven-up and eucher.

With an unflinching eye he bore
All the cold world's reproaches;
He overhauled each past day's deeds,
And overhauled some coaches.

There was a brightness in his eye,
A smile that was quite sunny,
Where'er he'd greet a passer-by
And ask him for his money.

He never let the blows of fate
Impair his vital forces,
He always took things as they came—
And sometimes they were horses.

No man could ever doubt his word,
For he was no deceiver;
He took an insult like a man,
And always shot the giver.

The constant buoyancy of his heart
Did never need renewal;
He was the life of every crowd—
And death in every duel.

If e'er his fortune was impaired
He straightway went and mended it;
His life was one of vigilance—
The vigilants they ended it.

The Snow Hunters: OR, WINTER IN THE WOODS.

BY C. DUNNING CLARK,
AUTHOR OF "YOUNG SEAL-HUNTER," "IN THE
WILDERNESS," "CAMP AND CANOE,"
"ROD AND RIFLE," ETC., ETC.

IV.—Jack's Remarkable Team.

The two soundrels who had robbed the cabin of the hunters traveled hard, for they had a feeling that it would be well for them not to fall into the hands of Dave Blodgett, after "striking his cache." They knew these Canadian forests well, and walked swiftly on, chuckling over the success of their raid. After a three hours' toilsome march, they camped for a rest, built up a fire and prepared a meal from the plundered bear's meat.

"We've beat Dave Blodgett once, Alf," said the elder robber, "but if it hadn't bin for you, the little cub would have driv' us out."

"Ugh!" grunted the other, whose Indian blood was nearly pure, as he bent over the bear's meat in his hand. "We fool'em, heap!"

The fire had been made in the shelter of a huge rock nearly seven feet high. Each man in sitting down had placed his loaded rifle against the rock just behind him and paid no further attention to it.

Both were ravenous eaters, and for half an hour no sound was heard save the steady action of their jaws. The half-hour which they had spent so luxuriously proved a fatal loss to them, for when they arose and looked for their rifles, those useful weapons, with powder-flasks and shot-belts attached, had disappeared entirely! The two men looked at the imprints left by the butt of each weapon on the snow, and uttered a simultaneous howl of rage.

"How him go?" demanded Alf. "If no hab wing—how can fly?"

"Durn my jacket of I know. Ther gone, clean gone, that's sartin, an' it's my pinion some cussed thief he's got 'em. That's a power of wickedness in this world."

Noble moralist! He only forgot where he had been, and what he had that day done.

"Got heap gun on sled," suggested the Indian.

"To be shore—to be shore!" said Bill Becker, nodding his head gravely. "Tis so, indeed. Let's get 'em an' see of they is all right. We must be on our guard of an innimy is sneak'n' around."

"Hold!" said a quiet voice over the head of the speaker. "Touch the sled, and you are dead men!"

Both men started up to see, standing erect upon the great rock, the boy they had left bound and helpless in the cabin by the lake shore!

"I am in dead earnest, you black thieves!" continued Jack, cool and confident as a veteran.

"I've got two loaded rifles, and only need an excuse to put a ball through you both. What is your name, you big thief?"

"Bill Becker," howled the half-breed.

"All right, Mr. Bill Becker. Now take up that piece of buck-skin you see on the ground and tie your pal's hands behind him."

"I won't!" roared Bill.

"Oh, yes, you will. I am going to count ten, keeping the rifle on you all the time. If that man is not tied when I get done counting, you are Bill Becker no more."

"Would you murder me, you little imp?" fiercely demanded the ruffian.

"Oh, no!" replied Jack, coolly. "It is no murder to shoot a wild beast. One!"

"I'll make you sweat—"

"Two!"

"You may count until you are black in the face," howled Becker.

"Three—four—five—six—seven—eight!"

Bill Becker saw a deadly purpose in the boy's eye. At the word "eight" he suddenly seized his comrade and dashed him to the earth.

"I've got ter do it, Alf," he blubbered. "The little cuss will shoot, sure as you live."

"Nine!"

"Stop counting, cuss ye; ain't I tying him?" and Bill Becker proceeded with his work.

"Cross his wrists; now draw a close knot!" commanded Jack.

And so, while cursing his little enemy, the ruffian worked nervously fast, and the Indian was securely bound.

"Now lie down on the snow," ordered Jack—"face down, mind you!"

After a moment's hesitation the fellow did as he was bidden, and Jack leaped down from the rock, with a piece of buck-skin in his hands, and served him as his comrade had fared.

"You can get up, n. w.," said Jack. "Don't

you think you are a pretty pair of ground-hogs, anyhow? I'll teach you to rob my roost!"

"What are you going ter do?"

"Did you have lots of fun dragging that sledload of goods from the lake?"

The men were silent, for they suspected what was coming.

"You won't speak? Now, as you have taken so much trouble to draw it here, I'll have to ask you to draw it back again."

"I'll be cussed if I do," growled Bill Becker.

"Let me persuade you," and Jack smiled as he cocked his rifle. "Do it, if only as a slight favor to me."

"All right," growled Alf. "Why you fool, Bill Becker? If must go, why you big heap talk make—eh?"

"That's good philosophy for a red-skin," suggested Jack; "what will be, will be. You might as well come down gracefully, like Crockett's coon, Mister Bill Becker."

The men took their places side by side; he placed the drag rope over their shoulders, and coolly mounted the sled.

"As you have made me walk all this distance, it is only fair you should draw me back. Got to the lake as soon as you can. Forward, tro!" and Jack presented the rifle, at half-cock.

The men had chosen the land path in preference to the lake because they feared some of the hunters might be below. They moved away in solemn state, eddying over with fury, but not daring to disobey. It was trying, no doubt, that two strong men should be taken in this ridiculous way by a mere boy, but taken they were, and completely in his power. Turning aside from the path they had been pursuing, they went down the slope to the lake, and presently stood upon the firm ice. Bill at once headed to the south.

"Hold on, beauty!" ordered Jack. "Right about face, if you please."

The "team" turned back, growling, and as they passed a growth of young seedling beaches, Jack stopped them and cut a delicate little switch, about eight feet long.

"Now, boys, put your best foot foremost. I'm in a hurry to get home, for our friends may need some of these articles you have borrowed. Git up, Benny; g'lang, 'red-hide!'"

The beach whip whistled through the air and alighted with stinging force upon the legs of Bill Becker. There was no help for it, and they started off at the long Indian lope, which will almost tire a wolf.

"Hump along, you Canada thieves!" shouted their driver. "Hi! Hoop-la! hoop-la! Git!"

It was maddening, but what could they do? Their moccasins padded over the ice in a way which astonished even themselves, and they drew up in front of the cabin just as the other party, who had come back from the hunt, were searching wildly about for traces of Jack.

"Whoa, there!" cried Jack. "Here we are again, Uncle Dave!"

Dave strode down to the beach, looked at the load of stuff on the sled, and Jack perched upon the top with a loaded rifle in one hand and a whip in the other; at the refractory team with their hands tied behind them, and the scout owned himself mystified.

"Now this is a conundrum I don't want to guess, Jack," he said. "I know you, Bill Becker, an' of this is what I think, I'll take it out of yer hide."

Jack told them briefly what had happened, and, without a word, Bill Becker was seized by the irate guide.

"Make that switch about four feet long, my boy," he said. "I wantner use it."

Jack obeyed and handed the switch to Dave and then applied himself to the task of watching the Indian, while Dave, heaving his stout arm in the air, administered to Bill Becker a castigation, the marks of which he bore for many a day.

"That!" the guide roared, at the same time "lifting" Bill Becker upon the toe of his moccasin. "Now, git!"

"What you do to me?" whined the Indian. "Me sorry big heap now; no sorry den."

"Will you leave this big thief, an' fine us, Alf?" said Dave.

"Ugh! yes. He big heap coward—that one. Me no mad at boy; make big heap chief one day."

"Then you kin stay," said Dave. "Bill Becker, take yer rifle an' go. An' ef I see ye sneak'n' round any camp of mine—"

He tapped his rifle significantly, and Bill Becker understood him. He struck a line to the south, and the party sent him no more.

"You needn't fear to trust the Injun, Mr. Tracey," said Dave. "He'll steal ef he gits a chance."

"Ugh! Big heap me steal," said Alf, with refreshing candor.

"But he never steals from those who pay for his work."

Alf nodded approvingly, and was joined to the party. And, surprising as it may seem, the young Indian was faithful in all things and betrayed surprising zeal in the service of Jack Edgel, who had won his honest regard.

Entering the cabin, Jack saw two beautiful bucks hanging from the beams, while, near the fire, a strange-looking creature lay extended, the mark of teeth upon its shaggy hide.

"Wolverine," said Dave. "Wait till night, my boy, an' we'll tell you how we got it. Now we've got our traps back, I want some hash."

The meal was prepared and eaten, and, building up the fire, the story of the day's hunt was next in order.

A Lucky Sneeze.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

CORA CASTLETON laid down the pearl-backed brush with an impatient, discouraged sigh, that involuntarily repeated itself as she looked down in Madge's saucy, piquant face, that was upturned defiantly from the crimson cushion of the lounge.

A low, joyous laugh came trilling from Madge's lips, as Cora paused in such stately dignity.

"Well, you have read me a lecture a full quarter-hour long! But, true as I live, my dear, dignified sister, I can't tell yet what it is I have done so dreadful."

Miss Castleton looked despairingly at the pretty, pink-flushed face, and when she spoke the accents of her voice were in perfect accord with her expression of countenance.

"Child! child! when will you learn the lesson I have been trying to teach you for a year or more? Madge, child, will you ever cease being a careless, boisterous girl, with not the slightest regard for the conventionalities of society?"

"Oh, that is the crime I have committed, is dear! The sermon you have been preaching, you say! Old nuisance, you say! For is this morning over to Rock Falls? Oh, Cora!" and the girl's black eyes flashed joyously—"if you only knew how perfectly splendid it is over at Rock

Falls! When I took off my shoes and stock—"

An exclamation of horror from Cora suddenly finished the frank admission.

"Your shoes and stockings off—actually off? Madge, you shock me beyond power of expression!"

The perfect innocence on Madge's face was refreshing to see.

"Well, I was determined to cross over to get the ferns, and there was no alternative but to wade. I don't care now," she added, defiantly, with a deepening flush on her face—"I wanted to wade, and I did; and I don't care what anybody thinks. I'm old enough to do as I please."

Another discouraged sigh from Cora.

"Yes, you are old enough to do differently. Do you know you are nearly seventeen, Madge? Do you ever think you look like a young lady, which fact makes your romping girlishness the more out of place?"

Of course I remember; but see here, Cora, an' I so awfully do I really do such wicked things? Don't I ever do anything right?"

The gentle pleading in the voice—the wistfulness that suddenly banished the defiance from her eyes, touched Cora, and she laid her cool, white hand on the girl's warm cheeks.

"Darling! you are the dearest sister that ever lived, with the one single exception—you will be so unconventional, so childishly regardless of appearances. It is for your own good I speak, dear; it is time you began to settle down and think of lovers, and marriage."

Madge's momentary penitence fled; and a mischievous imp peeped from her eyes as Cora spoke.

"Why don't you recommend Mr. Particular Dignity as a candidate for my favor, Cora? I'm sure he's the very handsomest young fellow that ever came to Laurel Lawn with brother Phil."

"Madge!" and Cora spoke more decidedly than was her habit, even when reproving mad-cap Madge. "Madge Castleton, you shall not ridicule Mr. Arlington! Remember, he is Phil's friend and our guest, and one of the most learned, polished men of our day."

Madge wreathed her pretty arms over her head, and laughed defiantly.

"I tell you he is Particular Dig. Didn't I hear him tell Phil only yesterday, when they were lying on the grass under the Baldwin apple tree, that if there was one thing above another he admired in others, it was a graceful dignity and suitable appreciation of the eternal fitness of things? Oh, my! Cora; if you'd only seen how I had to hold my breath to keep from laughing. I was up in a bough, you see—"

Cora interrupted her by suddenly rising from her low chair.

"Madge, you are hopelessly incorrigible. But may I, as a particularly very great favor, beg of you to come down to dinner to-night as I shall come—as Mr. Arlington is accustomed to see his city friends—in suitable dress, and with dignity and grace of manner? This once, Madge, if never again. Let Mr. Arlington see you can drop your boyishness as readily as you can refrain from parting your hair on one side."

"Well," retorted Madge, half-reluctantly, "to please you, Cora. Not for Mr. Particular Dignity, though, understand."

A big, fine-looking fellow he was, certainly—Mr. Dig, Arlington, whom Miss Cora Castleton was so anxious to secure for a brother-in-law. A manly-looking fellow, with the appearance of assurance and bravery and dignity and quiet, reserved strengthfulness that is unutterably delightful to woman's critical observation.

Just now he was enjoying a smoke all by himself, in his own room, second floor, front, over the library, where Miss Castleton had domiciled him so very homelike and cozy that he was in no hurry to break camp. He was having a first-rate time down in the country. Miss Cora was a model hostess and housekeeper—the very memory of her dinners, and anticipations of breakfasts and lunches made his mouth water, figuratively, of course. Then there was Phil—the very best sort of a chum, who both knew how to entertain him and let him alone.

And also Madge, whom he or no one else ever dreamed of calling "Miss." Pretty, boyish, graceful, independent Madge, with saucy eyes, that he knew would melt some day, and saucy lips, that would murmur allegiance when the master came. He admired her—as far as she would allow him, which wasn't very far; and then, when she would dash off on Satanella, her wicked black pony, at break-neck speed, he would say aloud, very carelessly—"What an odd girl your sister is, Miss Castleton," and inwardly invoke all good spirits of earth and air to bring her home with her head still on her shoulders.

It had amused him not a little when Phil had laughingly told him the sobriquet Madge had tacked to him; and yet, away down in his heart was a little pang of pain that she had no higher estimation of him; and then came an equally severe pang of sarcastic bitterness, to think he—he, the grave, the reticent, the "Particular Dignity"—should be such a fool as to care what mad-cap Madge called him.

But her saucy eyes, her roguish mouth, her matchless grace, her glorious disregard of conventional things, and the whole covered with such a delicious veil of innate delicacy and modesty, had conquered, all unconsciously, this Dick Arlington; and it was this very fact, and the stubbornness of the case, that he was looking at, as he sat smoking by the shuttered window, ten minutes after Madge and Satanella had dashed off for their morning scour of the country.

He was recalling how perfectly beautiful she had looked in her riding-habit—dark-blue cloth and big smoked pearl buttons. He remembered every curve of her faultless figure, so girlish, so graceful. He remembered the glimpse of a dainty-buttoned boot, and the firm, yet apparently careless grasp of her gauntleted hand on the white reins. Then a summons from below-stairs dispelled the half-delightful, half-painful reverie.

It was Phil's voice—loud, cheery.

"Dick—come get your mail; you're not extra busy and lazy, as I am!"

He tossed his cigar into the receiver, and went through the long, delightfully dusky, cool hall, lined with doors just like his own; went down for his letters to the library; where he found Phil "busy" in performing the same duty he had just finished, laughingly scolded him for his impudence, took his letters and went back again up the stairs, reading as he went slowly along.

It was a business-letter from one of his publishers that he was reading, that he finished just as he arrived opposite the door, and opened and entered.

There was a check in the letter and an unsigned receipt to be mailed by return post, and without raising his eyes, he made straight for his desk between the front windows to find—not a desk, but a marble-top dressing-bureau, that bore unmistakable signs of Madge's late presence, in the dainty, perfumed hand-

kerchief, the scarlet ribbon she had worn at breakfast, and a broad-rimmed straw hat he had seen her wear many a time.

For a second his breath fairly stopped, and a flush came over his handsome face, to think of the mistake he had committed—blundering into Madge's room instead of his own.

Then, conscious of the blamelessness of his mistake, it occurred to him how neat, how thoroughly womanly everything was, from the snow-white counterpane and ruffled and banded slips, to the dainty little kid slippers standing so coquettishly where Madge had left them. It seemed odd—Madge to condescend to wear slippers, and it gave him a thrill of actual delight to discover this trait of femininity in her; and grave, proud, loving Dick actually stooped down and caressed the pretty No. 2, with a strange fluttering of his big heart.

Somehow, the very quiet, the very peacefulness of the scene charmed him; he dreaded to go away, and yet—what business had he there? He looked around, taking in every detail with loving eyes, and then, in the same spirit of adoration, picked up the jaunty straw hat, that was looped up on one side with long feather grasses and ferns. He handled it very gingerly, turning it over and over; then smiled.

"It is for all the world like a sombrero I wore once—minus the grasses. That was ten years ago, when I visited Spain, and I looked first-rate in that hat then; I wonder if I've grown older and uglier? I've two minds just to try this on, and put myself to the test."

He glanced toward the door that led to the hall, and heard no one coming. He glanced toward the back entrance that led into the back stairs that entered the library, and it was deserted in that quarter.

Then he put Madge's hat on his curly hair, in a very becoming, rakish manner that quite reconciled him to the ten added years of his life. There was nothing vain or womanish about him, but yet he quite enjoyed the effect he had produced, and stood looking, half-amused, half-ashamed, thinking such odd, strange thoughts, that he was fairly petrified when he heard a voice on the stairs, and a clear, sweet girlish voice that came nearer and nearer.

"In a minute, Cora! I'll be there in a minute—I'm only going to my room a minute!"

The old sweat started to Arlington's face in a perfect shower of drops. Madge on the stairs, in the hall! and he, the incarnation of all that was dignified, in her room, with her hat on, and no way of escape!

The pattering boot-heels came nearer, and Dick's heart beat fearfully. He snatched at the hat, but the elastic was fast in his curly hair and refused to leave, even at the price of a lock with it. His face was pale with confusion and desperation. Then—not a second before Madge entered the door, he made a frantic dash for the back stairs, and found himself in a dark wardrobe instead of the passage-way!

But it was a respite—a merciful one, notwithstanding the fact that he couldn't stand straight up without endangering Madge's obstinate hat; and so he stood there, as best he could, with his hand on the door-knob, and fairly suffocated to keep from breathing aloud. It was to be only for a minute, though; he heard Madge say so—and then he would gain his room, and the world in general, and Madge in particular, would never be the wiser for this unlucky freak.

But alas for inevitable! the brisk, gay tones of Madge's song, that she was humming as she came in, changed to an exclamation of surprise, directed to herself.

"Well—I declare! I am sure I left my hat on the dressing-case—and now, when I am in such a horrible hurry, I have to hunt for it! If that meddlesome old darling of a Cora has been putting it in the wardrobe for me, I'll—"

The wardrobe—the hat! Arlington never wanted to die so badly in all his life as when he heard those words, and he in the wardrobe, with the unfortunate hat on his head, all askew, and clinging like a burr.

In an agony of despair, he seized the handle still tighter, swearing no human power should move a hair's breadth. Even yet, all might be well; Madge would suppose the door locked, or the spring of the knob broken, and perhaps go down for help, or else leave the search for another time.

Her light, quick step crossed the room, and then her hand touched the knob, that was as firm as a rock. She gave it a twist, but of no avail.

"That's singular," Arlington heard her say. "I wonder what can have possessed that door-knob! Something is wrong; but I must have my hat. I'll ask Phil, or Mr. Partic. Dig, to see—he's always so obliging and—"

She was stopped most abruptly by the sound of an unmistakable sneeze coming from the inside of the closet. Poor Arlington! he hadn't sneezed before all summer, and now—to sneeze after the most fruitful efforts to prevent it.

Madge, sprung back, and then—the door opened, and Arlington walked out, handsomer than ever before in his life, because the delicious ridiculousness of the entire affair had actually delighted him.

He bowed lowly, hat and all.

"Madge—you see how it is—do take off this hat, won't you? and tell me you are not awfully enraged at my stupidity?"

But, to his surprise, the hot blood rushed to her cheeks, and tears trembled in her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Arlington!"

That was all, but it wasn't shame, or contempt, or disgust, but a sympathy, or pity, that was all the sweeter from being so unexpected.

"You see, I thought I was in my own room, until I was fairly in. And then—then I—well, I had a hat something like that once, and—"

Madge's eyes began to twinkle.

"You had such an overwhelming appreciation of the eternal fitness of things, that you tried it on, and then I surprised you, and you trapped yourself—and succeeded! It's no wonder you did sneeze, Mr. Arlington," she added, gravely, "because all my furs and my seal-skin sacque and the blankets, are in that closet, and they're just packed in pepper."

Arlington laughed—but there was deep earnestness in his eyes.

"Will you help me off with this masquerade, Madge? There, I want to tell you one reason why I ventured to put it on—why I touched your slippers, and kissed that red ribbon yonder—because, Madge—everything of yours is so dear to me; because you are the woman I love and hope to win for my wife. Madge! am I presumptuous?"

The hat was on the floor now, and the girl's hands, prisoned in his—so perfectly her lord and master, despite the funny contortions a moment earlier.

Then, a moment later, she lifted her eyes, from which all the sauciness was gone, in which all the tenderness of love's young dream was shining.

"If I am worthy. Because you have taught me there is such a thing as love, and that there is no such lover as yourself."

It was the transition from girlhood to womanhood; from childish mischief to tender gravity; for love had traced her life and cast behind her feet her carelessness.

They laugh often about it—the strange freak of Cupid, who transformed the wild girl into the dignified woman for the lover with whom he played such undignified tricks. But everybody is satisfied, and what more can be added, except that Madge insists, defiantly, that she never in the world would have "had" Dick, if he had not proved, most conclusively, that he could enjoy a good joke, with all his "particular dignity," and the "keen appreciation of the eternal fitness of things," especially the eternal fitness of the unfortunate hat.

On Drunkards.

THE different phases of character men develop when intoxicated have often been observed and commented on. They may be boiled down to about three—the comic, the pathetic, and the quarrelsome, or belligerent. Your comic drunkard is irresistibly impelled to tell funny stories, dance and sing comic songs. His eyes brim with merriment, and his cheeks have a hilarious glow continually. His laugh is equally uproarious over his own wit and the wit of others.

He is the life of a convivial party (though convivial parties may be the death of him) in proportion as he is possessed of native wit and humor, or has imitative powers at command that he can turn to account.

But natural wit is not necessary to develop a comic drunkard. Men without a spark of humor often assume the comic phase as soon as they are under the influence of drink, as we occasionally see genuine humorists grow quarrelsome and dangerous when intoxicated.

This latter species of the comic drunkard is a dreadful bore (unless the very ludicrousness of his antics, like an elephant dancing "Shoo Fly," excite laughter), and his comedy lives only in his own imagination. He tells a pointless story, which he interrupts so often with his own idiotic laughter that he breaks down in the middle of it, and then solemnly asks some one to inform him what he was talking about?

He breaks in upon every other man's story, laughs in the wrong place, and, with a burst of merriment before the closing point is reached, grasps the narrator warmly by the hand, as he says: "Best story ever (hic) heard. Tell'snuzer."

One thing may be said for the comical drunkard, however, whether he be genuinely comic or only a miserable attempt to be, he usually maintains his good-nature, and is rarely identified with quarrels and fights, save perhaps as a pacificator, and don't mingle in those disgraceful rows which almost make a gentleman hesitate to get drunk nowadays.